

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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No. 4

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The Touchdown.

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII.

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## TRAINING A FOOTBALL TEAM BY ALLEN SANGREE

THE Spartan youth that concealed a fox under his jacket and silently permitted his heart to be gnawed rather than disclose the theft would have been eligible to the 'varsity football team in any American college. "That lad," a well-known quarterback said, in referring to the Spartan, "knew how to handle himself."

This quarterback, who stood with me on the Princeton football field as the team was being selected, made use of the same expression later, when an incident occurred that might be compared with the Spartan's exploit had not the day furnished enough to make the one seem commonplace.

The occasion was not spectacular; no surging multitude thronged the grandstand or pressed the ropes; only a handful of students had gathered to see ninety candidates

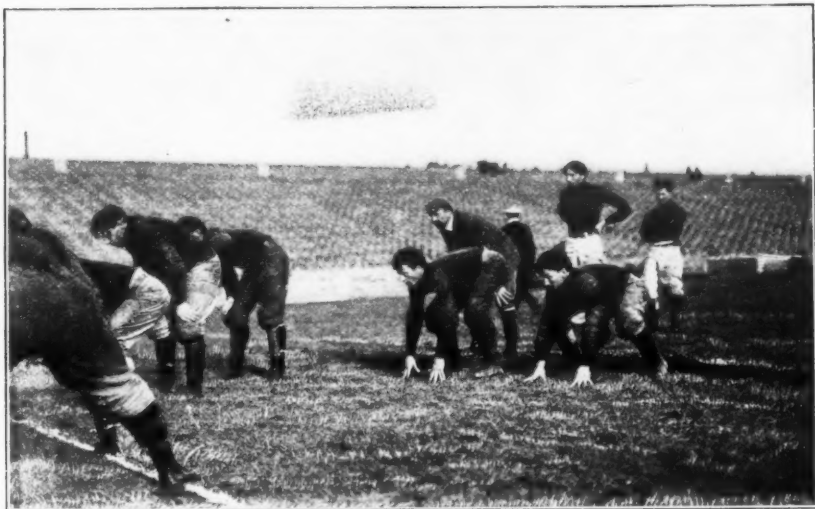
engage in their initial performance. These, long of hair, grotesque in garb, smooth of face and surcharged with health, worked with ferocious earnestness under the supervision of half-a-dozen coaches. At one side of the oval more than two score were plunging, one after another, at an unhappy-looking dummy filled with sawdust and dressed in the Yale colors. This each student grabbed with both arms, hurled to the earth, thumped, shook, punched and then passed on. Other novices were falling upon the ball, practicing punts, drop kicks or lining up in team order against an imaginary foe.

Suddenly a slim, wiry creature, whom his companions alluded to as "Silkworm," speeds toward us, stops short, sinks one heel in the ground and braces himself to catch a high punt. This way and that turns

the oval plaything shifting with the wind, but ever gaining in momentum, until it falls into his outstretched arms. But "Silk-worm" does not "know how to handle himself," and the sickening snap of a breaking bone follows his unsuccessful attempt to catch the ball.

classmates, finally walked his man to the training quarters. I caught one glimpse of the swollen and bleeding hand which told me that a finger had been broken, one part of the bone protruding half an inch through the flesh.

Sitting around a table at the Princeton



Practicing a New Play.

Unheeding, however, he throws himself at the sphere, rolling over and over on the grass and hugs to his breast the fascinating object. He knows not but that even now the head coach may be critically observing and deciding who, of all that crowd, shall wear the coveted garland of fame, represented here by a sweater of orange and black.

Thought of pain seems never to cross his mind, and it is only after blood drips copiously from the injured hand that he casually displays his wound to the coach.

"Better show it to the doctor," says the veteran testily, "but hurry back."

The medical attendant for that particular day was Dr. William B. Van Lennep, a Princeton graduate and well-known Philadelphia surgeon. Had a patient in ordinary practice presented himself with a broken finger the physician doubtless would have shown some solicitude and speed. As it was, however, he sauntered up good-naturedly, gazed abstractedly at the wound, one eye following the flight of a drop kick, and after talking over early days with some old

Inn that evening Langdon Lea, head coach, turned to Dr. Van Lennep and inquired:

"By the way, what was the matter with that boy this afternoon—finger split?"

"Yes," said the other almost cheerfully, "nasty fracture."

"How long will it lay him up?" asked Kelly, the famous halfback.

"Oh, four or five weeks. He can't play any more this season."

"Funny," speculated Jesse Riggs, as conversation shifted to another topic, "how a fellow'll crack a finger that way. Saw Yale man '89 break two one time just catching a little punt."

The finger incident had no more interest for these classic athletes. It affected them as little as the death of a gladiator might have impressed his fellow contestants. But the picture of that tow-haired youth standing by smiling and indifferent in an ecstasy of pain as he listened rapt to idle gossip of days gone by, could not so readily be erased. It urged one to stop and ponder over this extraordinary game.



The center rush, right and left guards, on an American football team may be compared to the moving forts of mediæval times, which were pushed up near the city walls, serving as protection to the archers at one time and as a battering ram at another. The center is usually expected to weigh in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Richard Cunha, Yale '99, tipped the scales at 275, had a stomach girth of forty-four inches and chest measurement of forty-nine. But then he could cover 100 yards in ten and one-half seconds, the world's record for men of his weight, and consequently fulfilled an obligation of this position that, although heavy, the player must be supple and active.

The guards play close to the center, forming part of this human bulwark, and to be of service should weigh 175 pounds. One generally finds them giants in figure and strength, calm in a crisis, but skilled to exert their huge proportions with desperate energy and rapidity. As the nucleus of nearly every scrimmage the three center men have very meagre opportunities for spectacular playing.

The same is true of the tackles who stand next and aim, in particular, to break through the opposing line and grab the man with the ball. The tackle is usually a tall, raw-boned man of phenomenal strength and endurance. His is a favorite spot in the line for a team to rush, and time after time he is summoned to resist a mass play in which 1,000 pounds

of live weight are concentrated on him alone. Some teams use him also to run with the ball.

The end rushers have a much better chance to show off than any one else in the line as they oftentimes play far out and always flash into view when the ball is kicked. Their position is a vital one, since a halfback, when once the end has been skirted, may have a clear field for goal. The end man is therefore something on the order of a rapid-firing, fast traveling cruiser, that darts out, overtakes the enemy and deals a death blow. He must be, first of all, a swift runner.

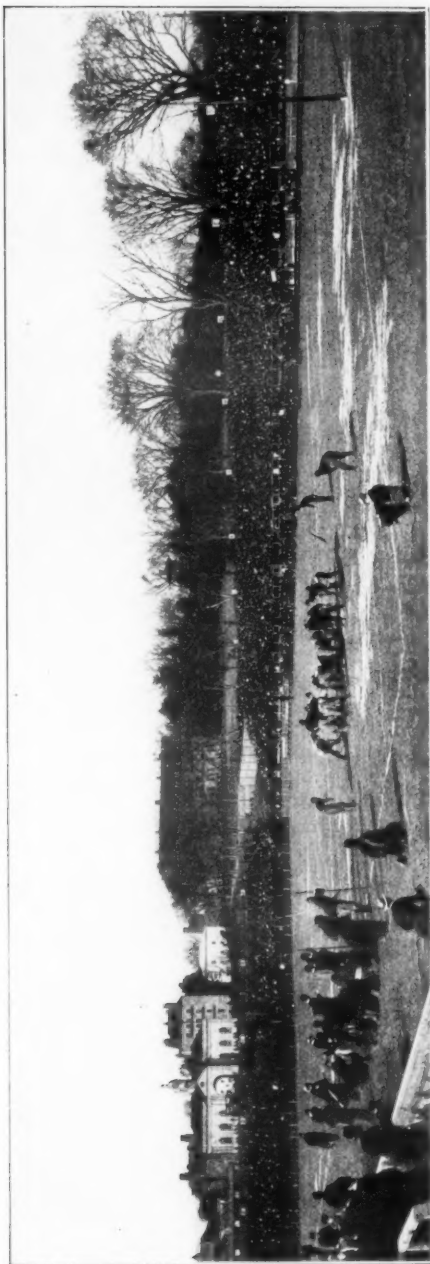
Behind the line you have the strong-legged, thick-necked fullback, who is used to plunge headforemost into the enemy's ranks, and the two halfbacks who are to a football team what cavalry is to an army. Their work is watched with greatest interest, and one famous halfback, among collegians, commands more hero-worship than all the honor men combined.

The quarterback, too, though diminutive in size, comes in for no little glory. Indeed, his is in some ways the most responsible task of all, since he engineers the entire machine when he gives the signals, handles the ball more than any one else, acts as a general tonic, and is supposed to be very prominent in the interference.

It only remains to be said that the motive of these eleven men, individual and collec-



"Down!" A Scrimmage in a Practice Game.



A Yale-Princeton Game at Princeton.

Tuck Bros. photo.

tive, is to advance a pigskin ball five yards with every three "downs" until it is forced over the opponent's goal line. When a team fails to gain this distance in three attempts the referee gives the ball to the other side, and they, in turn, become the aggressors.

It is to the science of accomplishing this aim and of preventing the enemy from achieving it that great minds in a thousand different institutions of learning bend themselves every year, and after a decade of constant development the conclusion generally accepted is that the secret of success in football must be ascribed to team work.

In other words, a football team represents a community of interests, in which each member strives not for personal emulation but for the good of all. So powerful is this influence that I suspect it militates to some degree against the individual's power of initiative. Few famous football players become men of mark in later years, preferring rather to play their part in the game of life just as they did on the college gridiron rather than forge ahead, conspicuous alone. When two of these magnificent chaps meet they give each other a slap on the back and a bear-hug, and you know that they are saying to themselves, "If we had our old team together, my boy, we could clean up creation."

To pick the best eleven men out of a university who shall reflect most credit upon the institution as football players would be a difficult task for any one but an expert coach. The field in the opening week shows several hundred lusty youths nearly all under twenty years, who appear equal in physical endowment. There are great, heavy, sunburned chaps from the farm, and pale-looking boys from the city; fat youths and slim ones, tall and short. But grit is the predominating characteristic of them all. He would be a fool to don the mole-skin breeches who lacked that quality. Yet in all this farrago of candidates the eye of the coach is not for a moment bewildered. With the help of assistant coaches he puts the whole crowd to work running, kicking, tackling, falling. That football play-

ers are born, not made, is his firm conviction, and he limits his observation to discovery here and there of the "football instinct."

Expanded, this means grit, quick wits, perfect health and power of restraint. It must be kept in mind that the season lasts only a few weeks, and in that time a young man is to be instructed in a science over which he would ordinarily spend as many years. There is no time, consequently, to coax talent.

Pity, sympathy and gentleness find no place in football ethics. The play is the thing, and many a poor youth knows what it is to retreat to the sanctuary of his room and there shed bitter tears over the harshness of a coach and a failure to make the team.

What the coaches do in picking a crack college eleven is first to place in groups all the candidates for the various positions. The halfbacks are set to running, catching and dodging; the tackles fall upon the dummy or one another, the guards and tackles try to break through a solid phalanx of humanity, while the fullbacks punt and drop kick.

In forty-eight hours the candidates have been so weeded out that two elevens can be selected. These are pitted against each other in fierce, fast play presided over by relentless veterans. The right men soon prove themselves, and they then become an object of concern and some respect.

But the coach never lets up. The ball is placed, the signal given and away goes the new halfback surrounded by his interference for a run through the tackle.

"Cut in, cut in," screams an infuriated coach. "Oh, that's terrible."

"Hurry up!" bellows the head coach, giving the center rush a violent shove and in two seconds the ball is snapped back again, before there is time to say another word.

"What did I tell you about using your fist?" begs the old tackle of the new man who promises so well. "You'll just ruin the team with that right hand. Never hit when the umpire can see you like that, and don't soak a man in the face. Hit him in the stomach."

"You're stiff on your legs," cautions another coach to his protégé on the end. "Keep on the move constantly, and when you tackle pull the man toward you and slam him down hard so's to kill his wind."

After twenty minutes of rough, hard play

the whistle is blown, the coaches retire to a side line, and the trainer hurries up with aggressive importance.

"Fall in there," he calls out briskly, "now don't lope; hit her up fast," and the twenty-two young heroes sprint around the track until the trainer considers that they have had enough. Then to the clubhouse, the alcohol rub and the cold shower, whence the candidates emerge bruised and sore, but glistening with health.

The team lives in a clubhouse, during the season, apart from the rest of the college, and there the coaches note every change in form. Tobacco and stimulants, of course, are eliminated, as well as fatty foods, pastries and luxuries. The men are fed three wholesome meals a day, go to bed early, sleep long and are never allowed to grow stale.

One season of this training effects noticeable change in a player mentally and physically. Once awkward the boy gradually learns to control his muscles, to handle himself gracefully, balance nicely, and finally acquires a self-reliance that shows itself in countenance and gait.



The Halfback Receiving the Ball.

The brain, too, works in unison with the body, the nerves acting as a lot of telegraph wires running to separate muscles. Over these the stimulus is sent, and as muscular tissue develops so does that of the brain. By the confidence of demeanor thus speedily

ing to put on a player the muscles of Sandow. What the coach does attempt is to keep the body flooded with vigor and stamina, to toughen the fiber so that it will withstand any shock, encourage his wards when down-hearted, and gently squelch them if in danger of conceit.

It is proposed that every player shall be a fighter, but, if you please, a gentleman fighter. To this end he is instructed how to disable an opponent and how to save himself from injury.

But most of all he hears dinned into him from all sides that the life object of a football player is to "gain ground."

At one of the universities I saw a returned champion who strode along with every eye upon him, and on each lip was the same word, "He was the greatest ground gainer we ever had."



Practicing a Drop Kick for Goal.

matured, out of one thousand school boys you can readily pick the football players. The training lasts forever, and it is not too much to say that a similarity in countenance and deportment, denoted by repose, latent power, fierceness and good nature, is to be noticed in all experienced football players.

It is worth observing that in this violent two months' training the player seldom develops bunches of muscle, and an outsider might be amazed to peep in the bathroom and see the nude figures, free of padding and jersey. It would puzzle him to understand how the young man who but a few moments ago staggered up the field bearing nearly a ton of his fellow men could accomplish that with a comparatively lean figure.

But the trainer would tell him as he told me that the showy muscles count for nothing. "I have seen football men," said he, "who could play through a game with broken nose or wrenched collar bone, tear a hole in the line big enough for a train of cars to pass through, and tackle with the ferocity of a tiger. Yet those fellows, stripped, displayed flat and narrow muscles. Hinkey, of Yale, and Simms, of Pennsylvania, the most terrific ends one could hope to see, were of that sort."

There is no attempt, therefore, in train-

ing in accomplishing this the football man, day by day, engages in feats that would surprise a buffalo. His training is derived from constant playing against a scrub team which, sometimes, is nearly as efficient as the 'varsity, and whose members frequently aim to disable a 'varsity opponent in order that the scrub aspirant may be substituted.

The very training of a football player, therefore, previous to his even engaging in a game, is one series of rough and tumble fights, and it is only to be expected that college hospitals fill up each year before the season is well under way or that half-a-dozen youths succumb annually to injuries received on the gridiron.

A noticeable feature of a football game is the sharp, rapid fire of signals emanating from the quarterback, who, stooped with nose to the ground, waits to pass the ball to a runner.

It is a point to make these signals simple as possible and yet too intricate for an opponent to discover their meaning. With the same object in view, they are called out quickly. The captain suggests from time to time what style of play is to be used, whether a mass play or the tackle, a hard drive at the center, or a run about the end.

Though football men talk a great deal of

"scientific development," the game really permits of few variations. The team with a resistless rush line, fast running backs and a good kicker is bound to win. This has been demonstrated at Harvard where the coaches spent much time in devising dozens of tricks, and when their eleven was pitted against Yale, whose team played "straight football," the tricks were found to be of little use. Coach Woodruff, of University of Pennsylvania, again, some years ago invented a move known as the "guards back" formation. In this he took his two heavy rushers out of their accustomed place and placed them back of the line. Instead of the runner being protected by the three other backs, he was in this way defended by additional heavy artillery, and the first season Pennsylvania swept over everything.

It did not take long, however, for Harvard, Yale, and Princeton to devise a means of breaking up this powerful formation, and recently it has availed nothing.

Big teams, therefore, as a usual thing, fall back upon methods long since tested. Superiority lies in good generalship and team work, finding the enemy's weak spot and hammering away until it opens.

Every move in football suggests mortal danger, though that is the last thing a good player thinks of. To dive head-first into a flying wedge, to be trampled on and kicked senseless, is for him a matter-of-fact duty; the halfback, who sprinting at top speed, is caught below the waist by a long low dive and slammed to earth with his breath knocked out, turns over after a while, opens his eyes, while part of the spectators cry "Fake," and gasping but determined returns to the game.

The most hazardous of all plays is "hurdling the line," responsible for at least one death last year at Lake Forest University. It consists in jumping or diving bodily over the rush line with the hope of landing the ball several yards inside the enemy's precincts.

It is a maneuver of recent origin, and was devised as a last method of advancing the ball when a team meets with a rush line

where blocking is perfect. The fullback usually essays it—the unhappy fullback who has plunged time and again into a stone wall of flesh, his head the resting-place for a heap of friends and foes.

Finding it impossible to gain ground by running, kicking or bucking the line, a captain finally gives the sign to hurdle, and leaping over the crouched forms of his team the fullback hurls, rolls and pushes himself along in midair.

But the enemy is watchful. On the lookout for just such a move the opposing fullback has kept from the scrimmage waiting for the other's head to appear. Mindful of the rule that a man's body follows his head he meets the onslaught with a straight arm push sideways, almost a blow in the face, and before the luckless hurdler can gain control of his motions he is swung around to the side and jammed back into the scrimmage. Dizzy and weak, his face bruised and distorted, the fullback is helped to his feet, the whistle blows, the signal shouted, the ball flashes into his arms, and again he leaps into that maelstrom of fists, elbows and knees, whence he regains consciousness an hour later in the dressing-room. The smile that illumines his face when told of victory speaks every word in the Beatitudes.



Center and Guards Practicing at Snapping Back the Ball.

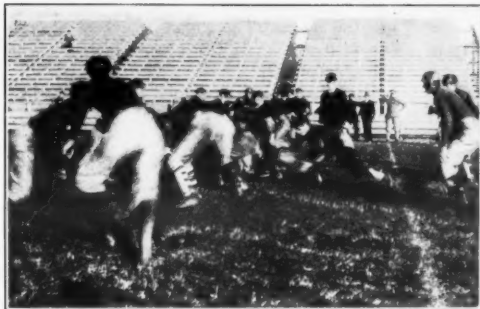
Strange to say, the man who puts in four years of this life emerges a perfect physical specimen, and immediately becomes a sane, useful citizen. But he is different from his fellow man in several ways. He never loses his pugnacious football spirit and his train-

ing scars. Team work is still his motto, and though now and then an ex-halfback or tackle enters the church it is safe to say that his creed varies somewhat from the orthodox. A football player, for example, would never teach his children to turn the other cheek

is that of the Poe family, of Baltimore, whose six sons have figured brilliantly in Princeton football life during two decades. Three of these, Johnson, Edgar and Nelson, are practicing lawyers, Arthur is employed by the Steel Trust. Johnny is a private in the United States Army, now serving in the Philippines, and Gresham is still a senior at college.

The football player is always loyal to his college, and when his services are required to coach the team he is willing to drop business or profession instantly, pack up and go back to the gridiron and do all in his power to pull out a winning eleven. Princeton coaches perform this task gratuitously, but Yale and Harvard pay their graduates handsome salaries. A good coach at these and other institutions receives as much as \$5,000 for a season's work. Football coaching, indeed,

has come to be recognized as a legitimate business now, and the celebrity is always in demand. Smaller colleges are even willing to pay good money for the services of a scrub player from one of the well-known universities, and a Princeton man barely



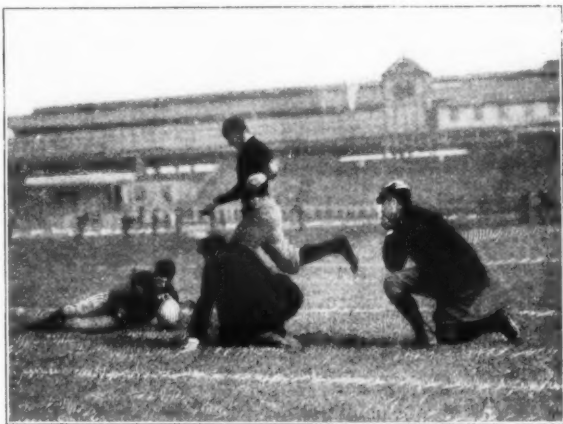
Yale Practicing.

when struck. More likely he would advise, "Hit back, and hit hard."

That feeling of supreme confidence is ever present, too, and as long as he lives the gridiron champion cannot resist looking upon his anæmic, undeveloped fellow-citizen with more or less of contempt. Thought of muscular prowess is generally uppermost in his mind. He seldom attains extreme intellectuality because it does not strongly attract him; but is content with the mediocre sort that combined with contented soul and splendid health ensures him a happy existence.

Fame seldom ruins a football player, though some have been known to give way under the strain of marked attention. The majority are so evenly balanced, so carefully matured, that they are able to bear continued adulation unspoiled.

This is well, for once out in the world, little is heard of the college celebrity whose name for years was on the tip of the tongue. About one-third of these men become lawyers, a few clergymen, while the rest take up business occupations. A good illustration



Practicing at Goal Kicking Under Direction of Coaches.

known at his own college is getting \$800 this year for his services at a Southern school. The other expenses contingent upon training a football team vary anywhere between \$1,000 and \$30,000 per annum, a large part of which returns through the



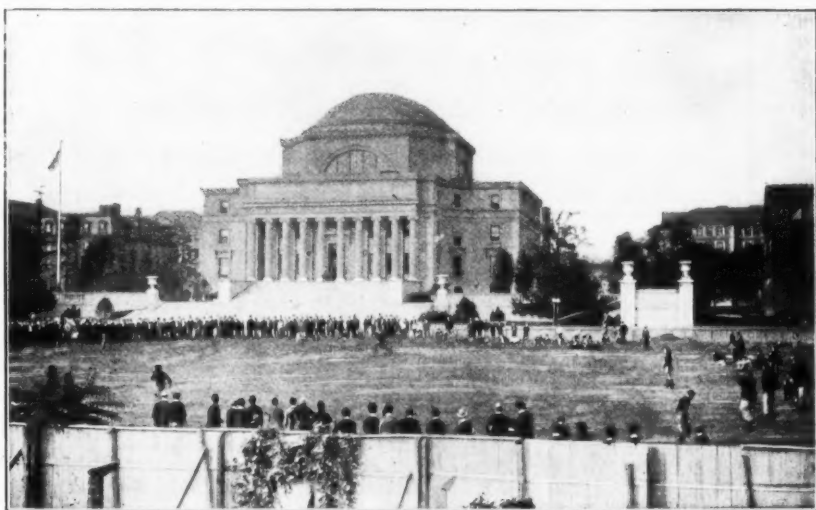
medium of gate receipts. Students are always willing to help make up any deficiency in the year's expenditure.

The twentieth century football player is made up of contrasting elements. Had he lived in the days of Nero his training would have led him to enter the arena and try conclusions with the wild beasts trapped in Scythia and Africa. Here in America he is placed upon a pedestal and lauded by men, women and children. Matinée girls clap their daintily gloved hands to see an eye gouged out. Young boys seethe with envy at the giant's stride, and even fond mothers overlook a broken nose or arm,

ington's collar bone was merely an accident. Hinkey wouldn't harm any one."

Again the football man, as I have indicated, insists that the game develops strong mentality, and yet nations seem to thrive without his assistance, and the high places of state and forum know not his presence.

But the game and the man are both popular and each continue year by year to wrest a greater part of public attention. So the conclusion is that the Anglo-Saxon race still loves the sport that nearest approaches bloodthirstiness when it is presented amid genteel surroundings. In this we follow the cravings of our English ancestors, who re-



Columbia Practicing.

University Library in the background.

smiling complacently when a son is carried off the field on a stretcher, proud in the certainty that his name will be blazoned in public print and a populace join in hero-worship at his shrine.

One time the champion footballist is told to restrain himself, and again to slug. He insists that he is a Christian gentleman, and yet shows no sympathy for a weak opponent. Hinkey, of Yale, who played so vicious a game that "Hinkeyism" became synonymous for ruffianism, was portrayed to me by a friend as the soul of gentleness. "He had no intention of killing Wrightington, in that Yale-Harvard game," explained this person, "and the breaking of Wright-

ington's collar bone was merely an accident. Hinkey wouldn't harm any one."

"For as concerning footballe," said he, "I protest unto you it may be rather called a friendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation—a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sport or pastime—for they have the sleights to mix one between two to dash him against the hart with their elbows, to butt him under the short ribs with their griped fists and with their knees to catch him on the hip and picke him on his neck, with a hundred such murdering devices."





## THE FORTUNES OF LAL FAVERSHAM

BY RAPHAEL SABATINI

### I.

#### THE LOADED DICE.

WHERE is the man who deems himself loyal that can ponder with heart unmoved upon the indignities whereunto my liege and master, the Second Charles, was subjected during that year of his mock-kingship in Scotland? A king in name, surrounded by the outward pomp of kings, but beset by spies, and less a king than the meanest knave of the kirk commission that ruled and made a vassal of him.

How it befel that when in their purgation—as they called it—they banished from his court the noble Hamilton, Lauderdale, Calender and all those others whom they dubbed malignants, they should have left me beside him doth pass my understanding. For verily—to use another of their words—besides the malignancy, which quality those irreverent dogs assigned to the loyal party to which I had the honor to belong, they might in me have noted a malignancy of another sort—and one which I was never at any pains to dissemble—a deep-seated malignancy towards themselves and all that concerned their infernal covenant.

Did the King play at cards on a Sabbath he was visited by a parcel of sour-faced ministers, who preached to him through

their noses touching the observance of the Lord's Day, while did they but hear of his having chucked a maid under the chin, they thundered denunciations upon his reprobate head and poured forth threats of exchanging his throne for a cutty stool.

It is, therefore, matter for scant wonder that when on that September evening the Marquess of Argyle came to Perth Castle, his ill-favored countenance monstrous sober and dejected, to acquaint His Majesty with the Scotch disaster at Dunbar, instead of the outburst of grief which he had looked for:

"Oddsfish," quoth Charles, with a hard laugh, "I protest I am glad of it!"

"Sire!" cried in reproach the dismayed M'Callum More.

"Well, what now?" the King demanded, coldly, while his fiery black eyes flashed such a glance upon the covenanting marquess that he fell abashed and recalled, mayhap, some lingering memory of the respect he owed his King.

For a moment Charles stood surveying him, then turning on his heel and signing to Buckingham to attend him, he passed into the adjoining chamber, where, I after-

wards learned, he fell on his knees, and for all that Cromwell was his father's murderer and his own implacable enemy, he rendered thanks unto God for the Scotch destruction.

A dead silence followed the King's departure. My Lord Wilmot exchanged smiles with Sir Edward Walker; Cleveland and Wentworth looked at each other significantly, whilst the Marquis de Villaneuffe, who stood beside me, put his lips to my ear to whisper:

"Observe milord Argyle's countenance."

And truly the scowl the marquess wore was an ominous sight. Sir John Gillespie approached him at that moment and they spoke together in low tones. Presently they were joined by Mr. Wood, of the Kirk Commission, who had also heard His Majesty's rash words, and as I gazed upon the three in conversation a feeling that was near akin to dread took possession of me—'twas, perchance, a premonition of that which was to follow, of a harvest whose seeds I make no doubt were sown in that consultation.

A gayly dressed young man approached me, and hailed me in words more attuned to my tastes and calling.

"Will you throw a main at hazard, Mr. Faversham?"

I looked into the lad's face—a smooth, girlish face it was, set in a frame of golden love locks—and for a second I hesitated. He was not rich, and in two nights he had lost a thousand crowns to me. The thing was, methought, well nigh dishonest, but he spoke of the *révanche* I owed him, and to that I could but answer that I was his servant.

And so we got to table, and for an hour my Lord Goring and I played at hazard, fortune favoring me, who scorned her for once. 'Tis ever thus with fortune—a shameless jade that hath most smiles for him who flouts her.

At the end of an hour Lord Goring proposed that we should change the game to passage, and this we did, yet the blind goddess was no kinder to him.

One by one, those who stood about took their departure, and presently we had the chamber to ourselves, save for Sir John Gillespie, who came to stand behind Lord Goring's chair and watch the play.

The poor boy sat with a white face, his lips compressed and his eyes a-burning, striving to win as men strive against death, and damning every throw. As midnight struck he at last pushed back his chair.

"I'll play no more to-night, an' it please

you, Mr. Faversham," said he in a voice which his breeding vainly strove to render indifferent.

"Mr. Faversham is truly a formidable opponent," quoth Sir John. "He hath learnt much in France."

There was that in the voice of this covenanted creature and kinsman of Argyle that I disliked, yet left unheeded. I rose, and expressing polite regrets at his lordship's persistent ill luck, I pocketed a hundred crowns. Five times that paltry sum it might have been had I so willed it.

I had hoped that Gillespie's remark touching the much that I had learned in France might have proved an admonition to my Lord Goring, and led him to play thereafter with some opponent whose skill was on a level with his own. Not so, however; the boy was blind to the fact that I was his master, and attributed his losses to luck alone.

In this fashion things continued for a week, until in the end naught was talked of but Lord Goring's losses and Lionel Faversham's winnings. Men gathered round the table to watch our play—Sir John Gillespie ever in the foremost rank—and my luck grew at length to be a proverb.

One day, at last, His Majesty drew me aside with a smile that had something serious in it.

"Lal," quoth he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "had I half your luck I should be King of England now. But if you love me, Lal, you'll play no more—leastways, not at the castle. You know my position; you know the crassness of this Kirk Commission. We shall have them denouncing my court from the pulpit as a gaming house, and assigning to that cause the loss of the battle of Dunbar."

"My liege," I exclaimed, "forgive me

"Nay, nay," he laughed. "'Tis I who crave forgiveness for inconveniencing you with such a request—but there is the Kirk Commission." And His Majesty added something under his breath; perchance, it was a prayer.

I was glad of so stout an excuse when next Lord Goring approached me with his daily invitation. But Sir John Gillespie was at hand to propose that if we were anxious to pursue our amusement there was the hostelry of the Rose in the High Street.

I might have asked this Presbyterian hound what interest of his it was that made him urge us to follow a pursuit at war with

his religion. But my position, as you may see, was grown somewhat delicate, and it would ill become me to evince reluctance to play with my Lord Goring.

And so it befel that two nights thereafter we were installed—Goring and I—in a cheerful room on the first floor of the hostelry of the Rose. With us came his grace of Buckingham and a party of gentlemen who sat down to lansquenet in the adjoining room, and besides these there was the unavoidable Sir John.

He played not at lansquenet, but stood at Goring's elbow—like Satan, methought, watching a tempted victim. Truth to tell, I had conceived the notion that Sir John was plotting something against either Goring or myself, and I had a monstrous inclination that night to pick a quarrel with him. I had thereafter cause to repent that I obeyed not that prompting.

The mischief chanced upon the following night. Again Buckingham and his friends were in the adjoining chamber, the door of which stood open, so that from where we sat we could see them by the mere raising of our eyes. Sir John lolled in a chair beside us watching Lord Goring lose, and wearing a sardonic grin upon his lean, saturnine countenance.

The hour waxed late; the candles were burning low, and my wits grew dull with the vapors of the sack I had drunk; but for that circumstance mayhap I had coped better with that which followed.

Of a sudden, Goring flung the box down with an oath, and sprang to his feet so violent and clumsily as to overset his chair, which fell with a crash behind him. Through the open door I saw Buckingham turn his head, and I heard his laugh and his words:

"'Tis but Faversham's luck, gentlemen."

'Twas the first time Goring had been betrayed into so unseemly a display of temper, and it surprised me all the more considering that his losses that night did not amount to fifty crowns, while at other times he had risen with a smile from a table at which he had payed me hundreds.

"In the future, Master Faversham, you may play with the devil," said he.

Now, in my cups I am the sweetest tempered fellow living, and but for the bottles of sack that I had emptied I should have been sorely put to it to have slit his lordship's nose for those words. As it was I did but laugh, and then before I had recovered—for sack maketh a man's laugh long-drawn—Sir John stood up, and:

"Will you throw a main at passage with me, Mr. Faversham?" said he. "I am curious to break a lance with this wondrous luck of yours."

"My lord here proposes I should play the devil," I answered, with a hiccough. "Well, I take it the devil is much the same as a Presbyterian, so come on, Sir John."

He darted a venomous glance at me, and drew up his chair. It never occurred to me how strange a thing it was that this pillar of the sober, virtuous Kirk should play at passage, and for that thoughtlessness again I blame the sack.

Goring set his elbows on the table, and with his chin in his hands he watched us.

Sir John gathered the dice into the box, and handed it to me. I threw; he threw; I threw again, I passed, and won the five gold caroluses he had staked. We began again, and ended in like fashion.

"Come now, Sir John," I cried, "confess 'tis more diverting than a sermon. It thrills you more, doth it not, Sir Jack? Aye, rat me, it —"

I checked myself suddenly, and gazed in fascination at his forefinger and thumb, 'twixt which he was balancing one of the dice that I had just thrown. For a second he held it steady; then slowly, but surely and fatally it turned. My first thought was that the sack had made me dizzy and a prey to illusions; but Goring's words, hissed into my ear, told me otherwise.

"You blackguard!" he said, and what with the wine and my bewilderment I had not the wit to strike him down, but sat, with mouth agape, staring at Gillespie. At length the Scotchman spoke.

"Soh! we have discovered the secret of your good fortune, Master Faversham," and with a gesture of ineffable disgust, he flung the loaded cube onto the board. At that I found my voice.

"The secret, Sir John?" I cried, struggling to rise. But he pushed me back into my chair.

"Hush, sir," he answered, "or those others will hear you. I do not seek your disgrace."

"Disgrace," I echoed. "D—n me, Sir Jack—Sir Jack Presbyterian—you shall answer to me —"

"Be silent," he commanded, so sharply that despite myself I obeyed him. "Attend to me, sir. I shall answer to you for nothing. My sword is for men of honor—not for discovered cheats, men who play with loaded dice. Nay, keep your hands still! If you

so much as draw an inch of your sword, I'll call my Lord Buckingham and those other gentlemen, and show them these dice. Lord Goring can bear witness to the service they have been put to."

I sat back in my chair, and the sweat came out upon my brow while my wine-

the hostelry of the Rose in the High Street, Perth, did with the nefarious intent to plunder the said gentleman, make use of loaded dice, at which foul practice I was discovered by Sir John Gillespie in the presence of my Lord Goring. In witness whereof I do hereunto set my hand."

"Sign," commanded Sir John, in answer



"There lie the dice; there the money you have won, and here my Lord Goring a witness. Perchance, you can picture what must follow."

clogged brain strove vainly to unriddle me this desperate situation.

"Lord Goring," quoth Sir John, pointing to a side table, "will you favor me with that ink horn and pen."

His lordship brought him the things, whereupon having found a strip of paper, Sir John set himself to write, while I watched him like one in a dream.

"What is it you do?" I asked at length, and in answer he set before me the paper, whereon I read, with some difficulty and no little horror, the following:

"I, Lionel Faversham, do hereby confess and declare that on the evening of the tenth of September, of the year of our Lord 1650, whilst playing at hazard and passage with my Lord Goring and Sir John Gillespie, at

to my glance of inquiry; and he offered me the pen.

"Sign!" I echoed, aghast. "Are you mad, Sir John?"

"Sign!" he repeated.

Ah, 'tis easy to say now what I should have done. I should have upset the table and kicked Sir John down stairs. But so befuddled was I 'twixt sack and the dread of public dishonor that I did neither of these things.

"Sir John," I protested, "I swear 'tis a lie—a vile, monstrous lie. If the dice be clogged indeed, then we have both used them so; how they came here I know not. But we have both used them, I say."

He laughed harshly and pointed to the

pile of gold at my elbow—some sixty or seventy crowns, there may have been.

"Yet you alone contrived to win," he sneered. "You, who in the past week have won thousands from Lord Goring. Come, Master Faversham, sign."

"Not I," I answered, stubbornly.

Sir John stood up.

"I fear, Mr. Faversham, you do not realize the gravity of your position. Unless you forthwith sign that paper, I shall be compelled to call hither his grace of Buckingham, and those with him, and make this matter public. There lie the dice; there the money you have won, and here my Lord Goring a witness. Perchance, you can picture what must follow."

I could indeed! And I grew cold at the contemplation of it. In my imagination I beheld myself already disgraced, dismissed from court, and—worse than all—dishonored for life.

"If I sign," I inquired, huskily, "what use will you make of it?"

"None, given that you comply with my demands, and that they have also Lord Goring's approval."

"They are?"

"That you never again touch either dice box or cards, and that you return to Lord Goring the moneys you have won from him during the past week. On such conditions I am content to keep the matter secret. Are you agreed, my lord?"

His lordship nodded.

"But, gentlemen," I protested, "I swear by honor—"

"The honor of a man who uses loaded dice," sneered Gillespie. "Have done, sir, and sign."

In despair, I snatched up the pen, and set my name to that bond of infamy. No sooner was it done than, quickly, as though fearing I might repent of it, Gillespie seized the paper and signed to Lord Goring to collect the crowns that I had won from him as honestly as ever crowns were won at play.

I awakened next morning with a dull, aching head, sorely harassed moreover by that which had befallen at the Rose. At first I was beset by rage that I had allowed myself to sign so damnable a document. But anon, when I gave more sober thought to it, I realized indeed that no alternative had been left me. My character itself was one that could not have borne so heinous a charge. I was known—among other attributes—for a desperate gamester, and one indeed who well nigh lived upon his wits at

play. For saving the pittance which His Majesty allowed me, I was as penniless a fortune hunter as any of his followers—the Parliament having stripped my father of his last acre of land. Further, my fortune at play—wedded to my skill—had of late bordered upon the miraculous, all of which would give *vraisemblance* to Gillespie's accusation.

I had taken a morning draught of muscadine and eggs when some one tapped at my chamber door, and Giles (my body servant) admitted Sir John Gillespie. I sent Giles on an errand that was like to keep him absent for an hour or so, then turned to my visitor.

"Are we alone?" asked Gillespie.

"Quite," I answered.

"Mr. Faversham," said he. "You no doubt are harassed by the recollection of the paper you signed last night?"

"Need you ask, sir?"

"And were the opportunity afforded you of regaining possession of that scrap of paper, you would eagerly avail yourself of it, eh?"

"Again, need you ask?"

"Well, Mr. Faversham, I am come to bargain with you. There is something that you can obtain for me, and in exchange for that something you shall have your document."

"Name it," I cried, eagerly. "What is this something?"

"The King," he answered, coolly.

"The King?" I echoed. "I don't understand."

"The King. Charles Stuart. Let me explain, Mr. Faversham. You were present some nights ago when this misguided young malignant protested that he was glad the Scotch were destroyed at Dunbar. Well, sir, those words have rankled; not with me alone, but with other eminent members of the state. On the same night a letter from Charles Stuart to the Duke of Hamilton was intercepted, wherein there were such things as no covenanters could suffer even from a king. 'Tis to him, this accursed prince, to his debaucheries and those of the blasphemous libertines about him that we assign our destruction. 'Tis his godless, malignant ways that have drawn the wrath of the Lord upon our heads."

"Forbear, Sir John!" I thundered, unable to brook more of this. "You are a traitor."

"Better to be a traitor to an evil King of earth than a traitor to the King of Heaven," answered the fanatic, rising. "Hear me out, Mr. Faversham. We are resolved—I and

some other humble instruments of the Lord—to rid Scotland of this impious prince. The sectary Cromwell clamors for him; on his head, then, be the boy's blood. To Cromwell we shall deliver him. But the majority in Kirk and Parliament, I grieve to say, are averse to this, and so strategy is needed. The Lord hath set a weapon in my hand; that fool of a lordling whose money you have won was in despair at his losses and his debts. Cromwell offers no less than three thousand pounds for the worthless person of Charles Stuart; with those three thousand pounds I have bribed Lord Goring. I paid him that sum of money yesterday, in advance, for his help to fuddle you with sack, and to bear witness that you had played with the loaded dice which I, myself, set upon the table."

"'Slife!" I cried, beside myself with rage, "call you such lying, deceitful knavery consistent with your religion—you instrument of the Lord!"

Sir John smiled coldly.

"The end justified the means."

"And, by God, the end shall justify me for slitting your throat!" I sprang towards my sword as I spoke, but ere I could reach it Sir John had leveled a pistol at me.

"Sit down, you fool," he snarled, "or I'll blow your brains about the chamber."

I resumed my seat. What alternative had I?

"Now, sir," he proceeded, "I duped you because I have need of you. You are intimate with Charles Stuart. More than once have you been his companion upon some escapade of infamy; his mentor upon some debauched enterprise. You must be so again to-morrow night. Lure him from the castle—I care not upon what plea or pretext. But see that by ten o'clock you have him at the corner of the High Street and Maiden Lane."

Loud and long and derisively did I laugh when he had done.

"Out of my sight, you cur, you son of a race of curs," I cried at last. "You do well to hold a pistol in front of you while you come upon this Judas errand."

He rose calm and unruffled.

"I am going," he said, coolly, "to lay the paper you signed last night before the King. Thereafter I shall lay it before the Kirk Commission, together with certain knowledge that I have of your late connection with James Graham, Earl of Montrose. Ah! you change color, eh? By Heaven, 'tis



"'Sit down, you fool,' he snarled, 'or I'll blow your brains about the chamber.'"



not without cause, for methinks I have conjured up for you an unpleasant picture—first dishonor, then the hangman. I have you in the hollow of my hand, Mr. Faversham. If I but tighten my grip I crush you, and tighten my grip I will unless you obey me."

Of what avail to detail further this painful scene of a man thus tortured by fears—not of death alone, but of dishonor? I still resisted, but more and more feebly, until in the end—shame on me that I must write it—I agreed to do his bidding.

I was to bring the King in a chair. In the High Street, at the corner of Maiden Lane, Sir John would meet me, and after assuring himself that 'twas indeed the King whom I had brought he would hand me the paper.

"For the rest," quoth he, "you will yourself see the futility of playing me any tricks. Warn the King, or denounce me to the Parliament, and I have but to produce this document to prove that you sought by a lie to destroy a man who holds such a piece of evidence against you. And see that you come alone, for I shall take precautions, and if in any way you play me false you yourself will be the only sufferer."

"What of Goring?" I inquired.

"He has no knowledge of what is afoot. The fool was desperate with his losses, but even should he repent him of what befel last night, he dare say nothing for his own sake. Good-day to you, Mr. Faversham; see that you do not fail me."

And so it came to pass that during the day I found myself at the King's side, and I proposed to afford him right merry entertainment if on the following night he would go with me to the Watergate. His Majesty, ever ready for a frolic that would relieve the dullness of his Scotch kingship, assented eagerly. And thus the thing was done, and I was left a prey to the tortures of my conscience for the foul work whereon I was embarked.

On the following day Charles, who was in the best of humors, mentioned it in open court that he and I were bent that night upon an adventure to the Watergate. Sir John Gillespie, who was present, approached me a moment later to whisper in my ear:

"You have chosen wisely, Mr. Faversham," whereunto I returned no answer.

Goring was not there; indeed, I had not seen him since the affair at the Rose. But towards seven o'clock that evening while I sat in my chamber a prey to misery untold, he suddenly burst in upon me. He was pale;

his eyes bloodshot, and his looks disordered. He closed the door and coming forward he drew from beneath his cloak two leathern bags that looked monstrous heavy, and which, as he set them down upon the table, gave forth the chink of gold.

Deeply marveling, yet saying naught, I watched him.

"Mr. Faversham," he began, speaking hoarsely and with averted eyes, "I am come to very humbly make what reparation is in my power. There are in these bags some three thousand pounds that I received from John Gillespie to aid him dupe you the night before last at the Rose. For duped you were, Mr. Faversham—the cogged dice came out of Gillespie's pocket. The money, sir, is more yours than mine; at least, I will have none of it; dispose of it as you think fit. Your pardon, Mr. Faversham, I dare not crave. My offense is too hideous. But should you demand satisfaction I shall be happy to render it."

I sat in my chair and eyed the broken fool. Calmly and coldly I eyed him. Odds-life! here was something the cunning Sir John had not reckoned with.

"Are you prepared, my lord," I inquired, sternly, at length, "to come with me to the King and make a full confession?"

He shrank back, turning a shade paler.

"No, no!" he cried. "I dare not. It means disgrace and dishonor."

"Doth the paper in Ruthven's possession mean less to me?" I demanded, coldly. "You spoke of rendering me satisfaction."

"The satisfaction of arms, I meant," he explained, timidly.

"Think you 'twill avail my honor aught to kill you?" I asked, with a contemptuous laugh. Matters, it seemed, were not mended after all. Then in a flash there came to me, I know not whence, an inspiration.

"How came you hither?" I inquired, abruptly.

"How? By the south gallery."

"Did you meet no one?"

"None but the guard at the castle gate. Why do you ask?"

"Why? Because I would not have it known," I cried, facing him with arms akimbo, "that I have been closeted with a man charged with high treason, and for whose arrest there is a warrant."

"My God! what do you mean?" he gasped, in pitiful affright.

"Mean, you fool? That next time you link yourself with a knave of Gillespie's kidney and enter with him upon a villainous



enterprise, you first ascertain what be the real business that is afoot. Pah! my lord, you have set a noose about your handsome neck."

"Mr. Faversham," he wailed. "I beseech you to explain."

And explain I did, but with many reservations and modifications that rendered my meaning at times obscure, how the money that Gillespie had paid him was from Cromwell for the person of the King. I showed him how he had made himself a party to a betrayal that fortunately was discovered, and for which Gillespie lay already under arrest. So full of terror did I strike him with the picture I drew of the disgrace and ignominious death that awaited him, that in the end he groveled before me, clasped my knees, and besought me to save him by bearing witness to the truth.

"And thereby bring suspicion upon myself, and risk my own neck?" I sneered. "Not I. But attend to me, Lord Goring, I can smuggle you out of the castle and out of Perth if I so choose, and this much I—who am convinced of your innocence of treason—am willing to do."

"Oh, thanks! A thousand thanks, my preserver, my——"

"Get up, you fool," I broke in harshly. "Come, let me look at you. Yes, you will do. Your figure is much of the King's height, and you may thank Heaven also that your shape is similar to his, for to-night you will have to impersonate the King."

I explained my meaning fully, and to all that I proposed he eagerly concurred, for truly he deemed himself a drowning man, and the business I suggested was his straw.

Bidding him on no account quit my chamber, I left him to go in quest of Giles. To my ready-witted servant I made known my wants, and the outcome of it was that by nine o'clock we had tricked out his lordship in a suit of black with gold lace borrowed from His Majesty's wardrobe. His golden locks we concealed 'neath a ponderous black wig that was the very counterpart of His Majesty's hair; his creamy white skin we stained with walnut juice to the gipsy tint of the King's complexion. With a burnt cork Giles drew him a pair of long black eyebrows, so that in the end he looked not at all like Lord Goring and sufficiently like Charles Stuart to play by night the part I assigned to him. And when we had given him a cloak, and he had flung it across his shoulders so that it masked his chin and

mouth, his resemblance to the King was wondrous true.

Moreover, his lordship was an able mimic and entering into the spirit of the business, he assumed before us such characteristic attitudes of Charles that he must needs be lynx-eyed who could see through the deception, particularly when considered that 'twould but be seen in the fitful light of torch or lantern.

It wanted a quarter to ten when we quitted my room, and going by the south gallery we made our way—Goring and I—to the King's apartments. His Majesty being, as I had conjectured, still at supper, the ante-chamber was empty and but dimly lighted. But I had scarcely pushed my companion into the embrasure of a window when the sound of steps and voices announced the King's approach.

I sprang forward as he entered.

"So you are here, Lal?" he exclaimed. "I was marveling at your absence from the table."

"Sire," I whispered hurriedly, "I beseech you bid your attendants wait without, and permit me to close the door."

He looked up in surprise, but there was that in my voice that impelled him to grant my request.

"Why, what folly is this, Lal?" said he when the door was shut.

"Sire, I pray you ask me no questions now. There is to be no entertainment to-night at the Watergate. But if your Majesty will enter your chamber, and see no one until my return I promise you a narrative of ample entertainment."

Naturally, he was inquisitive, but I urged him so, and spoke so fearfully of a matter where lives were involved that in the end he consented to do my will, and I held his chamber door for him.

"Now, my lord," I whispered, drawing Goring from his hiding-place. "Play the King, and you are saved."

We crossed the ante-chamber; then as I held wide the door, and those without bowed low before him, I was astounded to hear what was for all the world the King's voice issue from the folds of his cloak.

"Oddsfish, Lal, 'tis a mad conceit!" He inclined his head to the throng of unsuspecting courtiers and strode on before me.

In the courtyard, before entering his chair, he must needs sniff the air, and for the benefit of those assembled.

"Oddsfish, Lal," he cried in the voice of Charles, "the air is chill." Then to the

bearers who stood waiting, "Step on apace, my good fellows," quoth he.

Chancing to turn as the chair was lifted, I beheld Gillespie watching us from the gate, and I was glad that Goring had spoken.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the chair swung rapidly along. I stalked beside it down the High Street, Sir John following, some fifty yards behind. As we reached the corner of Maiden Lane, half a dozen men emerged from the by-street and stood there while we passed, then started to follow. I fell behind, and a moment later Ruthven was beside me.

"You have done wisely, Mr. Faversham," he sneered. "There is your paper. You had best see to the saving of your own neck."

With that piece of advice he left me, and

*(The second story in this series will appear in Ainslee's for December.)*

for some moments I watched the little procession as it moved towards the Watergate. I glanced at the paper, and by the light of the moon I could make out that it was the document I had signed at the Rose. Then I turned and ran every foot of the way back to the castle.

I entertained His Majesty that evening with a narrative of what had taken place, with, however, certain slight alterations that I held necessary, and whose purport it is not difficult to guess.

Nor is it difficult to imagine what befel when Sir John Gillespie discovered what manner of king it was he was bearing to Cromwell. A warrant was issued next day for his arrest. But he was not seen again in Perth; nor was my Lord Goring.

## THE SAILOR AND THE LAND SHARK

By CARL HOVEY

THERE are 50,000 seamen in New York City every week. A thousand of these are "deep-water" men, sailors on vessels in the Asiatic service, for instance, who regularly spend three or four weeks on land and the remaining part of the year on the ocean. The rest are crews in the coasting trade, steamboat sailors, bargemen, and so on down the social scale of marine life. These people come and go, making a world of their own in the metropolis—a picturesque, polyglot, disreputable, and, withal, dangerous world which paints the city front with its own alien faces and colorings. Here you find as nowhere else in New York (and this applies in greater or less measure to all American seaport towns) a topsy-turvy administration of the laws, a "strong arm" government, a degree of lawlessness, which, escaping the observation of the rest of the community, would do credit to a Western mining camp of the liveliest variety.

No one could so much as glance at the true situation without detecting a municipal problem of vast and increasing seriousness. Institutions similar to the University Settlement houses of the East Side have been planted in the neighborhoods where seamen's haunts abound. The latest development, and perhaps the most important of all, has been the successful establishment on the Battery

of a seamen's branch of the Legal Aid Society, where the slow-spoken, easily-cowed members of the merchant marine may have an opportunity, free, to secure justice for themselves according to the landsman's laws and statutes.

But it is not the purpose of this article to enter upon a discussion of what may or may not be done for the betterment of sailors. On the contrary, the writer intends to confine himself to the water-front community as it exists at present. Some typical incidents, moreover, which took place in the immediate neighborhood will perhaps set forth a new aspect of the "romance" of the sea.

When a deep-water sailing ship arrives at her home port the men in the forecastle, from being nothing but bedeviled scallawags, become the spoiled children of fortune. They are men of mark; they are tremendously sought after; their entry is triumphal. In half-a-dozen shore boats, which have been expeditiously fastened to the sides of the vessel, people stand up and bespeak the favor of the poor sailors, offering gifts. The sailors knew it would be so all along; so they are not surprised by these attentions, flattering as they are. The boarding-masters have rowed down for them, the little tailors and inferior crayon portrait and dance-hall men have rowed down specially to



Home for Scandinavian Seamen.

meet them—even the missionaries, representing wealthy and conservative philanthropic organizations, have sent emissaries to bring them safely in. It is all but a certainty that the foolish sailors will never be permitted to leave the ship in peace, walk to the consulate, draw their sixty, or a hundred, or two hundred, dollars wages, and then depart to spend it as they please.

A sailor falls into a position when he goes ashore like that of the foreign notability who happens to be the municipal guest. They present him with the freedom of the city, and then turn him over to his keepers. The boarding-masters are his keepers, every time. They make him the largest kind of promises down the bay; they can well afford to, since they own him when he touches land. Not that the fact that the common sailor is naturally an absurdly helpless object in a great city—just as helpless and absurd as an ordinary business man would be who should suddenly find himself thrust in charge of a “gallant, bounding bark,” has escaped the attention of our law makers. By no means. Congress has passed numerous acts intended to serve as safeguards for

Jack's course ashore. Some of these measures afford him the greatest annoyance; all are apt to be far less real to him than the boarding-master's promise, coupled as it is with brilliantly labeled plugs of tobacco and glorious ten-cent bottles of whisky. He needs a foster father, and he knows he wants a friend; he finds both at once in the fleshy, red-faced, jolly, smooth-talking individuals who know exactly what his wishes are and prove it to him on the spot.

As soon as a vessel passes Quarantine the small boats draw alongside, and the boatmen, who understand their business, make fast at once by throwing an iron hook attached to a rope over the rail.

“Hello, boys, what ship is this here?” one of the boarding-house runners asks, conversationally. “How long you been out? Nasty bit o' sea ye might a struck. Well, you'll be willin' t' take it easy fer a whiles. Sure, I got just the place fer a fine set o' men like you fellers to spend a fittle holiday ashore.”

Meanwhile the foolish sailors have swung buckets overside, which the landmen fill up with the gaudy bottles of drink, disposing

their business cards conspicuously. They watch the buckets with cats' eyes as the group of seamen leaning on the rail haul them up swaying, for the sailor who takes out the "hard stuff" belongs to the man who put it in.

Great palavering continues on the part of the men in the boats, responded to freely

a third, genially; "you took my whisky, friend."

And so, with a little confusion—maybe a scuffle—matters are arranged, and the small, spare, rather pallid seamen (sailors in the merchant service are not the bronzed athletes you see on men-of-war) troop away with their large, well-fed, thick-necked companions to the Cherry Street settlement of crazy boarding-houses where men convene from round the Horn, from China, from Sydney and the Indies, for a brief ridiculously costly holiday in the slums and rookeries 'long shore. The reason why he must go with the boarding-master is plain. The law allows the ship four days in which to pay its men; in the meantime Jack must live entirely on credit, and as the man who has "run the Easting down" wants a "good time," and wants it quick, the bargain is soon struck from which he never gets away until he finds himself at sea again minus a month's advance.



A Row of Boarding-Houses on Water Street, New York.

by the sailors, after which the boarding-masters and their crowd, having learned which pier the ship is bound to, draw off and pull away.

A short time ago they would have scrambled aboard the vessel like pirates and poured into the fore-castle to do their business there. They used to carry the entire crew away with them then and there, sometimes with the permission of the captain, often as not without it. The captain of a fine ship may be an outrageous bully at sea, but he is apt to be a lamb when he comes to deal with the crowd that own the water front. The authorities, however, have put a stop to boarding vessels in the stream.

When the ship touches her pier the boarding-masters are there, ready and waiting to pick their men out:

"You're McCarthy's man," says one.

"You're Tom Bodine's man," says another.

"You've got his card."

"Step along o' me, Mustard-top," puts in

It was a typical instance when a sailor lounged out of the door of the British shipping office the other day, having been told that the ship would not pay until the end of the week. It was only Wednesday then, and the man's face told a tale of disappointment that was instantly marked by the loafers on the sidewalk. "What'll you give for a drink?" one asked.

"A dollar," said the sailor, brightening up. "Go dry," returned the other, nonchalantly. "Two dollars," the sailor offered. The land shark made him the same reply. It was not until the sailor had raised his offer to five that his new friend consented, and they went away together. When this crew was finally paid off it is a certainty that the land shark was there in the dingy old room, and that he took his reward for his expenditures at a rate of dollars to dimes.

The dollars come in so fast that the boarding-masters and their partners, the "crimps" or shipping-masters, easily maintain a position of great power in their

neighborhood. Politicians pay strict attention to their wishes; and through the politicians, the police. Owing to their absolute control of the market in the matter of shipping crews on outgoing vessels they have a hold on ship owners, steamship lines, etc., which is seldom contested. They are mighty men. One of the leaders and chief bruisers summed it all up when, on being asked if he wasn't afraid of being "sent up," he answered:

"There ain't a court can touch me. You don't understand. Why, we're just like the lords in Ireland—there ain't any class of people in America equal to us."

With this he strolled off with a self-satisfied grin on his stupid face, hunching his shoulders so that pride was visible even when his back was turned.

The fear in which the sailors hold such men was illustrated by the behavior of a couple of seamen—one of them was a giant with a bare throat like the trunk of a tree, who came to the Seamen's Branch not long ago and essayed to make trouble for the ring. I remember them because they sup-

plied me with a new word. It was just at the time when the police were beginning to enforce the new law making it a criminal offense for a boarding-house runner to board a vessel in the stream. Several runners, it seems, had gone down to the Lower Bay and sneaked aboard the British ship *Eden Ballymore*, bound out, with a fresh crew which had received a month's advance wages. By free use of whisky, a display of banknotes, and glorious promises, the boarding-house men readily induced the entire crew to quit the ship. The fact that they had shipped for a thirty-two months' voyage bothered them not at all.

But the good time ashore was not altogether satisfactory to Messrs. Jimmie Turner and Tommy France. When they arrived at the legal aid society's office they were in what is called in New England a "state of mind," and demanded that their bags of dunnage be rescued from the hands of the boarding-house men, and other wrongs set right.

"Why did you leave the *Eden Ballymore*?" Mr. Abbott, the counsel, asked.



The Boarding Mistress of the Water Front in Her Reception Room.

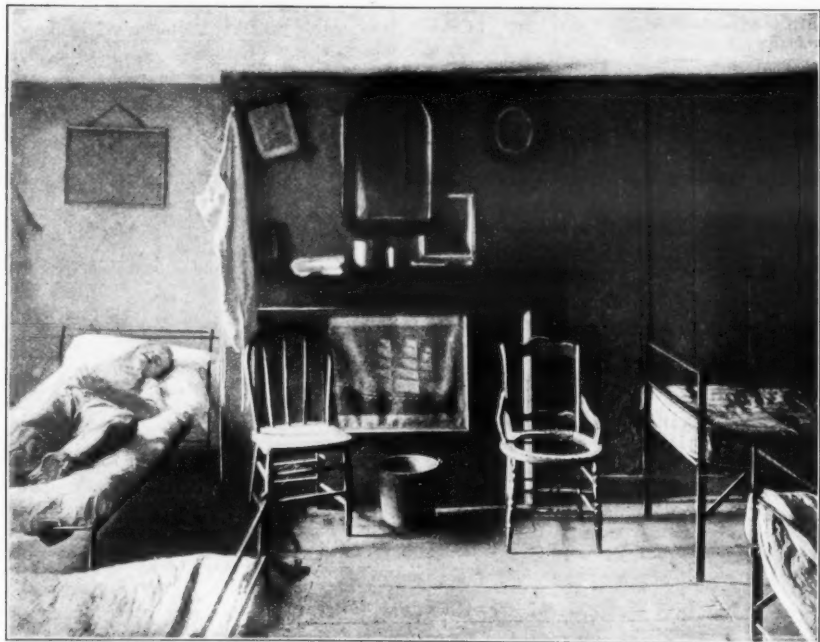
"Leave that old windjammer? (sailing ship) Why, 'cause they promised us fine jobs on a bloomin' puffin' billy," said the giant, with a wave of his hand.

"On a what?"

"A puffin' billy."

"What's that?"

sailor's career on shore when he has money and, consequently, is worth robbing. The first comes when he is paid off for the bulk of the voyage he has just made; the second is when he signs the shipping papers for another ship. In the latter case he only receives one month's advance wages which



A Sailor's Bedroom at "Blind Dan Cummings's."

"My word!" exclaimed the giant, with a scornful look, "you ain't been long at this business. A puffin' billy is a bloomin' steamboat. That's what it is."

The lawyer got hold of the bags after a considerable process, but in the meantime the big man had lost his courage. The boarding-masters had threatened to kill him if he made a complaint against them. France, who was hardly more than a boy, turned up late one evening and said: "Jim-mie Turner's skipped. He got cold feet an' stowed away on a Black Bar boat, an' said his bag could go to the devil before he'd stay another minit in this bloomin' port."

Tommy slept that night in a big closet off the hall in the office and the next day he, too, sailed away.

There are two critical moments in a

he must dispose of by an allotment to some person on shore who is dependent on him or to whom he owes money. Over this question of the allotment note have been waged most of the bitter, and often bloody, battles between the sailors' friends on the one side and the lawless, despotic boarding-masters' ring. The seamen themselves were very little concerned in these affairs—except in so far as sometimes they played the part of a football between the opposing forces. Their real sentiments were probably in favor of their enemies. When the new United States statute prohibiting the payment of more than one month's advance went into effect two years ago the ring issued its ultimatum with the declaration that it would make that law a "dead one" within a week. The water front rulers



blithely entered upon a war with all American ship owners who would not accede to their demands; foreign shipping, which, after all, comprised the bulk of the business, they disposed of by a trick so neat and characteristic that it is worth a little explanation.

be at the usual rate of wages. In which case it was the captain who handed over the money (which he thus saved) instead of Jack. Either method worked like a charm, and the only reason why it was not adopted in the case of American vessels was because the Shipping Commissioner, Mr. Dickey, acting



The Ship-shape Dining Room at "Blind Dan Cummings's."

Before the new law was passed the boarding-masters were able to get hold of three or four months' of the sailor's advance wages. This amounted to about seventy-five dollars. In order not to lose this they invented the practice of signing seamen on a sliding scale of wages, a contrivance by which the first month's pay was made large enough to give the landsman the handsome sum he required. For the rest of the voyage Jack was put down on the ship's papers to receive one shilling a month. As if to show the beauty and elasticity of the idea the method employed before the British consul, in distinction from the practice in the other foreign shipping offices, was to ship the men for a shilling a head for the first sixty days, the remainder of the voyage to

with the full approval of the Washington authorities, blocked the game entirely by holding that it was a patent evasion of the law. The ring instantly retaliated by announcing that hereafter no crews would be shipped on American vessels at less than thirty dollars a month, an advance of twelve dollars upon the regular rate, thereupon beginning a fight with large and influential firms of ship owners (who would not consider paying such a price), which it prosecuted with great vigor and effectiveness for several weeks. Land sharks posed as philanthropists, and in interviews that were printed in the yellow press, repudiated with a becoming sense of injury the slander that they were "out for the stuff," declaring that sailors were a hard-worked, under-paid class,



and that every effort that they (the predatory fish) could make should be bent toward bettering their condition. In the meanwhile one firm alone had five tall ships lying idle at their anchor chains, three of which were fully loaded with cargo in the China trade.

The boycott was broken by the determined stand of the senior member of this firm, whose fighting blood was aroused. He found a negro shipping master who was willing to go it alone against the combine and furnish crews. Each crew was escorted to the pier-head by a squad of police, else the men would every one have been bullied out of their names before they got half way, and from that point a police launch attended them as far as the ship. The ring bided its time, awaiting the opportunity to wreak a fitting vengeance on somebody, it mattered little whom. At last one day a shipping master of Staten Island, one Giles of Finger-board Row, was caught conveying a crew of innocent, timid Japanese on board a large ship at her anchorage well down toward the harbor's mouth. It was a lonely place, and consequently it was a simple matter for a small company of choice spirits to board the vessel, bulldoze the captain until he was glad to seek the shelter of his cabin, frighten the crew to the main rigging, and beat the unlucky shipping master into insensibility, and then depart, well pleased with the afternoon's work. The Japanese deserted during the night. The rowdies were afterwards indicted, but owing to the fact that with the means at their command it was an easy matter to scatter all the witnesses to the deed over the length and breadth of the high seas, the trial was a farce. This explains the powerlessness of the courts in such cases; there are never any witnesses for the prosecution.

As for the negro crimp, who had dared to stand out from the combination, they managed his case even more successfully. On account of the notoriety which his action had given him it would not have done to attack him openly. For more than a year the members of the ring contented themselves with mere verbal insult until, sure enough, the right opportunity appeared. There were race riots in the Tenderloin, in which negroes and whites exchanged shots. What could be simpler than to turn the public excitement, the scareheads in the newspapers, to good account? No sooner said than done, and when the good citizens of the metropolis read their evening newspapers they might have noticed, buried under

half a column of heavy type describing the race warfare on Eighth Avenue, an inconspicuous account of a fracas in Coenties Slip, in which a negro desperado shot a white man in a street row!

When a sailor proves unruly, declines to sign his allotment note, tells tales, or, worst of all, complains to his consul of ill treatment at the hands of any member of the ring, then they "pension" him (that's the technical word!) "fer fair"—that is, punch him until the difficulty is removed. A letter which was received not long ago by the chaplain of a well-known seamen's mission set forth in so admirable a manner a typical episode of this kind that the writer gladly inserts a portion of it here. The letter was a round robin signed by fifteen members of the crew of the British ship *Westgate*, and was dated at Hongkong. It begins:

"Crew of the British ship *Westgate*, assaulted and battered off Staten Island, New York. We the undersigned shipped at the British consul's in the ship *Westgate* at the wages of eighteen dollars a month; three pounds, fourteen shillings, English money. The consul then called our attention to the fact that we could only have one month's advance. That is the American law, and the English law, too.

"Glennon, the shipping agent, had the advance notes with him. On the upper left-hand corner on the note was written 36 dollars, and exactly over it 18 dollars. When the boarding-master asked us to sign our notes he held the note by the upper left-hand corner, covering the figures with his thumb. We then had suspicion that something was wrong. William Rae asked the boarding-master:

"How much do I have to pay for that note?"

"He said, 'You know what you signed for.'

"We said, 'Yes, \$18 a month, one month's allotment note.'

"That is all you have to pay,' he said.

"The majority of the seamen signed their notes on board the steam tug that was carrying us down to the ship. And they were more or less pretty jolly at the time.

"The next morning the chief officer came to turn us to work. We told him we wanted to see the captain before we started work. At this time the captain called all hands aft and wanted to know why we did not turn to. We told him we wanted to see the British consul about our advance notes. The captain then brought out our notes, and we saw

that the notes were thirty-six dollars more than any of us signed for in the consul's office. We then told the captain we would not turn to until we saw the consul. The captain said:

"All right, go in the forecabin and I will bring the British consul on board to you."

"Between 12 and 1 o'clock, while we were eating our dinner, the captain came on board in the tug boat that was to tow us to sea, with Glennon and eight boarding-masters and Cherry Street pugilists. And these were the men the captain brought on board to represent the British consul.

"They came to the forecabin and called us out one by one and compelled us to go aft to the mate's room and sign another paper saying that the thirty-six dollars over the advance were to be deducted out of our wages. The men that were assaulted were: (here follows a list of names of sailors and their assailants), and they had to sign the papers same as the rest. Glennon's bullies compelled us to turn to by force, and told us if we tried to go ashore they would lick our bloody heads off. When our ship started to get under way a small steam ferry came alongside and took Glennon and the Cherry Street knockers-out ashore.

"During the time this was going on the captain was walking the poop with the pilot, and the chief officer was standing on the main deck, both within sight and hearing, and neither one said nothing."

This letter is at present the subject of an international "investigation." As the crew will not unlikely be discharged in some foreign port, to be scattered in many ships over the seas it is not probable that anything startling will come of the case; after all, the landsman's courts, with their slow-moving processes and elaborate delays, are

scarcely fitted to deal with such flitting birds and birds of prey as Jack and his friend the boarding-master. The sailor may be excused for submitting patiently to systematic robbery when the only alternative is apt to be a stand-up fight against vastly



The British Consul's, Where Seamen Congregate. The Legal Aid Society on the Left.

superior numbers backed by a "pull" into the bargain. No one can deny, moreover, that there is no one to take the boarding-master's place. A sailor would scarcely walk in and register his name at the Astor House, although there is no pecuniary reason why he should not. A seaman no sooner separates himself from the rest of the denizens of the water-front settlement than he learns that he is helplessly on the outside of everything that belongs to his world; he has no credit, no would-be companions, no prospect of getting a ship, until he shall make up his mind to go back where, as it seems, he belongs. He cannot afford to pick quarrels with his costly benefactors.

There was a negro cook from Santa Lucia

who must have become in some way side-tracked. His case was a curious one because of his altogether uncommon helplessness; the boarding-masters certainly could not have done worse by him than he did by himself. His name was George Thomas, and he came to this country on a merchant vessel putting in at Baltimore. Being discharged in that city, he paid his way to New York. He left his two gripsacks checked at the station in Jersey City and spent about a month loafing about South Street, and the time passed pleasantly while the warm September weather lasted. Suddenly a cold easterly storm set in and Thomas began to feel the need of his belongings in the gripsacks. Dr. Stitt of the Seamen's Friend Society got hold of him after a time and paid the heavy bill which the railroad had scored against the baggage, which was sent to the rooms of the Seamen's Branch, where Mr. Abbott agreed to let it stay until Thomas could get a ship for home.

A few days later when I happened to call I came across the tall, lank figure of the West Indian, rummaging in a wardrobe, with a shirt spread out on the floor beside him.

"He comes here every day," it was explained. "He stands in the doorway until he is asked what he wants, and then he says: 'Have you got a ship for me?'"

"No," was always the reply. "I can't get you a ship. You must look around for one yourself. And remember that the cold weather is coming on."

"Well, I want to get at my clothes," the negro would say next, or if the day was a little inclement he would add, "I want to get my tippet."

Days and weeks passed by. The man never failed to put in an appearance. Sometimes he stood in the hall, sometimes in the open doorway leading into the main office, and he would stand for hours, perfectly silent, listless, to all appearances asleep, although his eyes were wide open. The weather grew much colder. October had come and gone. It was already November, yet Thomas preserved the same matter-of-course tone in his inquiries: "Well, have you got a ship for me?" he would ask and relapse into silence.

Visitors, clients came and went; shipwrecked or Shanghaied crews did their business and were off sailing the seas again, while Thomas, like a faithful attaché of the place, continued to sleep in his alert attitude in the hall. Early in December he dis-

appeared for two months. When he came in after this long absence he was in an angry mood; he shambled hurriedly into the office with a determined face, waving his arms menacingly.

"What are you going to do with me?" he demanded of Mr. Abbott. The question was peremptory. The visitor was working himself up into a fury.

"I don't own you," answered the lawyer, helplessly. "You must——"

But the negro would not listen to a word. He brandished his fist and repeated his question until there was nothing for it but to put him out of the building. When he came back some hours later he was in a docile mood and explained that the police had arrested him as a common vagrant and sent him to the Island. They did not realize that he was no vagrant, but a sailor out of a berth, that was all.

A few days later Thomas again disappeared, this time for good. Perhaps he fell in with a ship bound for the West Indies; perhaps a magistrate sent him away for a longer term. His case, although an unusual one, simply typifies the expectation of most sailors that somebody is bound to look out for them so long as they are on shore and to pack them off to sea again when they feel inclined to go. Small wonder they play so easily into the boarding-master's hands.

Yet it is a fact that the sailor's impracticable dream is to spend his own money in foreign ports like a free-born citizen—to enjoy himself to the utmost dollar by dollar, and then to quit the sea for good. But circumstances are anything but favorable to the realization of this dream; the easy, good-natured, fool character of the sailor and the smart boarding-master's inclination to possess his hard cash are a fatal combination.

I know of one man, however, who got the better of his fate, although he is by no means assured in his own mind. He is a market gardener living on Long Island at the present time, having after many voyages succeeded in passing safely through the temptations of the city front. But although this event took place some years ago he has not even now the courage to land in the city by the ferry which docks right in the thick of the shipping of South Street. He makes a wide detour instead, landing uptown, and approaching the markets from out the shadow of tall buildings, at a safe distance from the enticing network of spars and rigging spread against the sky.



## A SHARIAGE ON THE MAIN.

BY  
S. ELGAR BENET.

"'A schooner, a two-master,' he muttered, 'an' she's boun' south, an' she's afire . . ."

THE strip of shingle along the Eastern border was chiefly important for good shooting and sand ponies.

Across a stretch of blue water was the pound where sturgeon nets were spread, and miles beyond was the sea's highway over which plied ships and schooners, steamers and tramps. With the wind landward, this procession that seemed neither of earth nor of water, but a thing of violet air, passed well into shore, and at night the lights suggested yellow links in an invisible chain.

Branck Dervis, with an old rifle for company, had haunted the beach below for three days and nights. When thought grew beyond repression, he aimed at the birds and hit nothing, or sent the sand ponies swimming out into the bay. His vengeful feelings were relieved by the thunder of the rifle and by the consternation that followed its report.

After dark he sat on a hummock of grass with the rifle between his knees and dozed or stared seaward.

On the evening of the first night out a light had kindled in the East, where it burned and glowed and smoldered into blackness again.

"'A schooner, a two-master,' he muttered, 'an' she's boun' south, an' she's afire, an' she'll burn clean down to the water's aidge, an' the fools 'at couldn't take no better care o' her 'n that 'll be glad enough to take to the boats. An' the wind's agin 'em an' 'll land 'em out to sea an' serve 'em right.'"

When dawn broke he stretched his legs

and arms and shook his muscles free from stiffness. He looked resentfully at the growing light which showed where the sun was coming up. When its red rim cut sharply into the sky there was a black mark across it.

"'It's the hulk of her,' said Dervis, 'an' she'll get into a trough an' settle, an' then there'll be mischief, an' serve 'em right.'"

Ten miles down the beach four of his friends were fishing a pound. The hold of a stranded vessel, under the shoulder of a sand dune, sheltered them between tides and at night. When Dervis stood in the doorway, the pounds had been fished and the boats were turned bottom up in the sun.

There was one man left in charge. He had a small head on a long neck, and his narrow black eyes had a sparkle in their depths that was ever ready to break out in mirth. A scar had drawn his thin-lipped mouth slightly to one side; his lean frame had a remarkable strength, and he was known in Croy as an all-round surferman and seaman.

While Dervis threw his rifle in a corner and himself upon a bench, he had quickened the fire and placed a sea trout over it.

"'No breakfast, I reckon. What d'ye shoot?'"

"'Nothin'. They's some late willets along the beach an' I jus' fired to keep from goin' back to Croy an' emptyin' the ol' rifle into Sol Plimsol. I didn't shoot to hit.'"

Hurlock laid a plate, knife and fork and set a big pone on the table.

"'They's a wreck about five mile up,'"

Dervis went on, "might be a schooner, a two-master. Seems like the storm driv her to pieces first an' a fire finished her. Looks burned clean to the aidge, an' there she lays. If you say so, I'll take your boat an' go out. She ha'n'ts me, layin' there right in the eye o' the sun for the las' two mornin's. An' the wind's fair."

Hurlock placed the pan of hot fish before his guest and watched him eat. When the sharpness had worn from his hunger, he said:

"An' you've been wanderin' up an' down the sand for two whole nights an' days; a sleepin' in the open, an' no better reason for it than Sol Plimsol."

"Do I want to shoot the man? Didn't I stay aroun' till I couldn't bear the soun' of his name?"

"An' a girl," Hurlock continued, "that's not much of a girl to look at accordin' to my way o' thinkin'. An' you go aroun' makin' all this fuss, when the whole up an' down of it is you don' want the girl enough to get her."

Dervis was speechless from resentment.

"You don't. Because where a girl's concerned the man that wants her mos' is the man 'at gets her. That's it. They is ways. They is ways for all things an' all men, an' if a man don't fin' 'em out, that's his look-out. But there is ways, an' Sol Plimsol's found out better ways than you."

"No such thing," said Dervis. "It was her mother, ol' Miss Pollit, that put it into his head."

"Sol Plimsol's got a house back on the main with a patch o' groun'. He's got a pack o' houn' dogs 'at you can hear clean across the county when the wind's in the right direction; an' his house is got a good board floor an' a place for a wife. Where are you got to take a wife to?"

Dervis ate the last of the fish and the pone in silence.

"Maybe it don't make no difference to Marriekin, but there's ol' Mis' Pollit. She seems to think she's kep' the girl waitin' long enough for you—four year, an' they's no more room for her in the boat; an' if she don' take Sol Plimsol they's a pretty good chance o' gettin' nobody."

Dervis stood up in disgust, but Hurlock would not let him go.

"There is ways," he persisted, "an' what remains for you is to find 'em out."

He did not admit that a losing trade in muskrat skins some years back influenced his disapproval of Sol Plimsol.

Dervis fitted a mast to Hurlock's boat and went out through the inlet with a fair wind. His incapacity tortured him. Not want Marriekin enough! When the little commonplace creature—commonplace even among beach standards—made up his sum of beauty and desire.

The derelict lay not far from where he had first seen her, swinging lazily in the long sweep of the waves. She settled slowly, and as the sea had gone down her decks were no longer washed. Dervis made his boat fast and climbed aboard. A crew of four might have manned her. Everything above decks had been burned or carried away, and the donkey engine was a wreck. There was no trace of her name. The hold was partly filled with a cargo of lumber beneath which rows of long packing cases were stowed. Dervis pried off a corner of the pine covering with his jack knife and found the glint of metal. He broke his blade against it and left off with a baffled curiosity that brought him nearer to human fellowship than anything he had known for the past month. He had a feeling of proprietorship through discovery. While he waited for the tide to help him shoreward he watched the blackened hulk with the interest of an owner.

Hurlock said he reckoned the cases were full of something, and he went out with Dervis the following day. She still floated easily, as if she never intended to go further below the surface.

Hurlock's ax split the pine covering and the metal cases showed as fine a set of rifles as ever made the eyes of a soldier shine or helped to add a ghastly ornament to war.

Hurlock stood up and struck his hands on his sides.

"There is ways," he said, "an' what isn't the way for one man is just so for another. D'ye know what you've found?"

"Guns," answered Dervis.

"Guns, an' a lot of 'em, if the other boxes is as well set up as this. You don't know how they got here?"

Dervis shook his head.

"It's this way, like as not." He pointed southward. "There's fightin' off there, an' one side or the other's out o' guns; an' this"—he touched the deck with his heel—"has been fitted out with supplies, at a profit. Not open an' above board. Oh, no. We're for non-interference, they tell me, an' by an' by we'll sail in an' lift the whole concern. This is a private affair. Bless you, man, don't you see what you've got? She's

a adventurer—a filibusterer—she's a blockade runner that's met the storm off the Capes, or the Government's after her, an' they've throwed up the whole business, set fire to the craft an' got away in the long

carrying off the cargo and beaching the wreck.

On a streaming autumn morning Mrs. Pollit was doing the family washing within the doorway to escape the rain, and she



"...there's enough in this hold to buy a farm on the main."

boat before the gale struck 'em. Or, maybe, they had no choice. Every man of 'em gone overboard an' 'll come ashore further up. Your fortune's made. There's not enough here to bring down the officers; but there's enough in this hold to buy a farm on the main at two dollars an acre, an' to rig out this hulk into something of a vessel."

"If they's anything in it," said Dervis, "you'll get your share. I won't be the only one in luck. Take hold an' manage to suit yourself."

He wished the Spanish-American war had come on six months sooner that the plans of the dealers in small arms might have helped to prevent Marriekin's marriage.

Within the next few weeks, by means of hard work, a change in the wind, and the aid of his fishermen, Hurlock succeeded in

splashed so vigorously there was almost as much water inside as out.

Five years back the Pollit's houseboat had made its way through canals and shallow water courses until it reached Croy. Jared Pollit had been born in a houseboat and paddled through life under his parents' guidance for fifty years. Afterwards he established a boat of his own, married a wife and went up and down the coast until death ended further migration, and left his widow anchored indefinitely.

Marriekin looked from the window at the rain that hurried to meet the waves and ran more hurriedly still to the sea.

She was sullen and unlovely, and her eyes had wept themselves colorless. If she had been strong in a wordy resistance, her mother had been stronger and her wedding day drew



steadily on. There was nothing left but a foolish hope that Dervis might come and take her away. Weeks and days and hours followed each other as remorselessly as the streaming rain, and time and the bay absorbed its own, but time came to a standstill at a point on the bay shore where Sol Plimsol had a score or two of sedgy acres, a house of one room and so many hounds and 'possum dogs, that, with the wind in the right direction, their baying could be heard in Croy.

Mrs. Pollit looked at the surly figure at the window and her anger rose. She shook the last piece of her work until the place was filled with moisture.

"I reckon on a mornin' like this it's not lively over to Sol Plimsol's," she said, cheerfully. "He ain't got no outlook but the piney woods clean up to his do' sill; an' when you get to the aidge o' the woods they's just water—not a thing but water."

Marriekin followed the description with unwilling interest.

"On a mornin' like this, an' they'll be plenty of 'em till the Christmas cold set in, a body 'll have enough to do to get aroun' in the house, for they tell me the whole pack, houn's an' all, take mortal persession of the inside."

She waited for some expression of disapproval; the girl was silent and kept her face turned from her.

"Don't you hear what I say? On a day like this the whole place is full o' houn' dogs; they ain't no livin' for 'em."

Marriekin answered.

"I don't care. If the houn' dogs was the worst. They's plenty worse comp'ny 'n houn' dogs."

"That's a way for a girl to talk, an' her goin' to be married nex' Wednesday. What did I raise you for? If you didn't want Sol Plimsol, why didn't you look about for somebody better? Hangin' on four years for Branck Dervis. Branck Dervis!" She repeated the name with growing scorn. "*Branck Dervis*—without even a boat or an ox cart to keep a wife in."

Marriekin's lips moved; she testified silently to the relative value of love and lovers:

"If a man's what a girl wants, what difference does it make what he is or what he isn't? What difference does it make whether he's got a house or not?"

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Pollit.

"Nothin'."

"I didn't tell you sooner, but I'm thinkin'

about marryin' myself. You've driv me to it with your disobedience. How did you act about your weddin' dress? Wouldn't set a stitch—wouldn't try it on. A pretty fit it'll be. I got the sympathy o' the community."

Marriekin would not ask after her prospective stepfather; she turned more hopelessly than ever to the window. Mrs. Pollit emptied her tub, folded a shawl over her head and went out.

She had not been gone long when a girl, also with a shawl over her head, came in laughing at the rain. She was to be Marriekin's bridesmaid.

"As soon as I saw her go aroun' the corner," she said, "I hurried. Let me see the dress again, won't you? I can't sleep for it. Sometimes I think if I ever have a weddin' dress—oh!"

She clasped her hands and went on tip toe to the locker.

Marriekin opened the drawer and showed her the purple dress, the length of white netting, and the wreath of white cambric flowers.

"I wish they was my buryin' clothes," she said.

They looked at each other across the wedding finery. The color rose in Jane's face.

"Ab Finney was up las' night; an' it just happened mother had come around here an' didn't get back before he left."

She spoke of many things before she reached the heart of her subject.

"He's with Hurlock's men down the beach below; but the fishin's about over now an' they've had such catches—an' the storm didn't hurt a net, bad as it was. Hurlock's kep' 'em down the beach below a whole month longer. I'd clean forgot how Ab Finney looked. 'Deed I had. I didn't know he was so tall. He has to stoop down to get in our door. An' strong—he can hold me with one hand."

Marriekin went back to the window. Jane followed and slipped both arms around her waist.

"I'd like to see you look comfortable again, Marriekin," she said. "I'd give a heap if you could only feel as happy as me. I don't seem to be livin' in the world. I've got something to tell you you'll be glad to hear."

She waited for a sign of interest; when none came she whispered:

"It's about Branck Dervis. I promised I wouldn't tell; but I know he wanted me to tell you."

She told her a true story of the derelict.



"Hurlock's got rid of everything at good money, an' Branck Dervis—why, he's rich. He got the most, an' the hulk's his, because, if she did belong to anybody they'd be afraid to claim her on account o' the rifles. Marriekin—say something. Haven't you got the lucky stone yet?"

Marriekin slipped her hand in the bosom of her dress and drew out the bit of shale in which, for generations, every maid of Croy had rested her hopes of happiness. She looked at it without speaking and put it back. It was supposed to bring to a fortunate culmination the aspirations of all true lovers, and many stories were told of obstacles and difficulties overcome by its possession. It must not be retained longer than the marriage ceremony, but passed secretly to another to be worn as secretly. A girl on the eve of marriage was an object of intense interest to her fellows, since the lucky stone was not to be asked for in so many words.

Jane desired it intensely.

"I've always been your best friend, haven't I, Marriekin? I went after Branck Dervis when your mother had made everybody else afraid to go. I'd go after him now—an' when you've got to give it up—at the very last minute, not before, why, you'll remember, won't you?"

"I'll remember."

Outside the rush of wave and rain were indistinguishable; it was growing dark in the houseboat. Mrs. Pollit's heavy foot on the doorstep aroused them.

"I met John Pritchett, turnin' in off the bridge," she said. "What, you here, Jane? An' Pritchett tol' me he met Sol Plimsol this mornin' goin' up to Haven for his license. This bein' no mornin' for

huntin' I reckon he thought he might as well."

The sky cleared in the night and a high wind blew the sandy roads dry. The house boat was not large enough to accommodate all Croy and numerous families from over on the main, and the ceremony was to take place at Sol Plimsol's.

In the flush of a red November sunset the bridal train left Croy, with Marriekin a splendid victim in the purple dress, and her veil and wreath of flowers in her mother's custody.

The cart had been hung with garlands of holly; the heavy yoke was heaped with it, and the driver, a friend of Hurlock, sat on the shaft and laughed and whistled and sang all the way.

Sol Plimsol's house was half a mile back from the bay shore in a grove of pines; they were so thick that the light was dim at midday, and their needles, dropping from year to year, had made a soft brown carpet on which the foot fell without sound. Two windows and an open door shone in the darkness, and outside a blazing torch cari-

catured the shadows of men and women and of many resident and visiting dogs that passed beneath it. A horse shoe was nailed above the door; to the right a great horn was slung on a chain, to the left a bell hung from a rope.

Sol Plimsol was a mighty hunter. Nothing that crept or ran or flew for miles around was unfamiliar to him. His mongrel pack obeyed when one note from the horn called them up for small game; it yelped with delight when a dual sound indicated a coon, and went wild when three long blasts announced a fox.

Within a fire roared on the hearth; its



"Marriekin—say something. Haven't you got the lucky stone yet?"

light made the smoking oil lamp insignificant, and its heat kept the doors wide. The marriage feast was heaped on the cupboard shelves. In one end of the room a tall bed with four posts had been spread with a patchwork quilt, and there was a white cover on the pillow. The walls were hung with old guns, oars, nets, lanterns, caps, sails, and many dried skins whose odors increased with the heat.

The women sat in rows and talked in whispers. The leaping fire made of their shadows familiar spirits that were never still, yet never left them.

A procession of dogs passed through the room. They were wheeled in at one door and kicked out at the other by the host in his embarrassment. His shoulders were on a level with other men's heads; his large-featured face was red from sun and wind, and a mop of blue-black hair and beard intensified its color. When his feet were not busy with the dogs, his hands pulled his rabbit skin cap back and forth.

There was a slight ripple around the door.

The women leaned forward:

"She's come. Here she is."

It was the preacher with the best man. He shook Sol Plimsol by the hand, wished him joy, and sat down in the center of the room with his book open before him. Once he looked up to say:

"My friend, I hope you are prepared for a good wife."

Sol Plimsol kicked his favorite coon dog and jerked his cap before he answered:

"As much as I'll ever be, I reckon."

Into the triangle of light that shone through the open door, the black oxen pushed their heads with the holly shining scarlet and green above them. In a little while the bride stood on the threshold.

Sol Plimsol unaccountably remembered a rabbit he had chased one cold November day. He had run the little creature out of cover to the edge of a sandy point. It turned upon him and his dogs with something of the expression that widened the girl's eyes. It may have been this fancied resemblance that prompted his greeting as he looked beyond her:

"It's good weather for huntin' something. I wouldn't be surprised if they was all sorts o' things out. Dogs been restless the whole endurin' day, an' they's the bigges' kind of a ol' fox been seen over in the bottom."

The preacher stood up suddenly like a solemn exclamation point. Men and women

pressed forward, and both doors were shut against the dogs.

The preacher looked at every one in the room, at the groom, and the shivering bride; at happy Jane and the best man, and longest and most severely at Mrs. Pollit, before he began the wedding sermon. Those present had heard it so often that its examples of dutiful wives and husbands had become as familiar as Croy folk. Nothing interrupted the leisurely recital but the crackling flames and Marriekin's long-drawn breaths. His fancy, soaring through an ancient atmosphere, reached its height, and the ceremony was about to begin when from the stillness without there arose the sound of Sol Plimsol's horn. Again it swelled into a mightier blast than even its owner could blow; and yet again, clearer, louder, and lost itself among the pines.

Then every dog gave tongue, and the house and its company were as a light thing tossed back and forth in the compass of their baying.

Sol Plimsol gripped Marriekin's hand.

The horn's voice was the natural and the supernatural; it was not strange that it should call him of its own volition. It was the most compelling sound on earth, and no bride could hold him when it called.

He lifted a warning hand to the preacher and shouted in the girl's indifferent ear:

"It's the ol' red fox. We'll all be here later, to-morrow, or nex' week, but there's no tellin' about the fox."

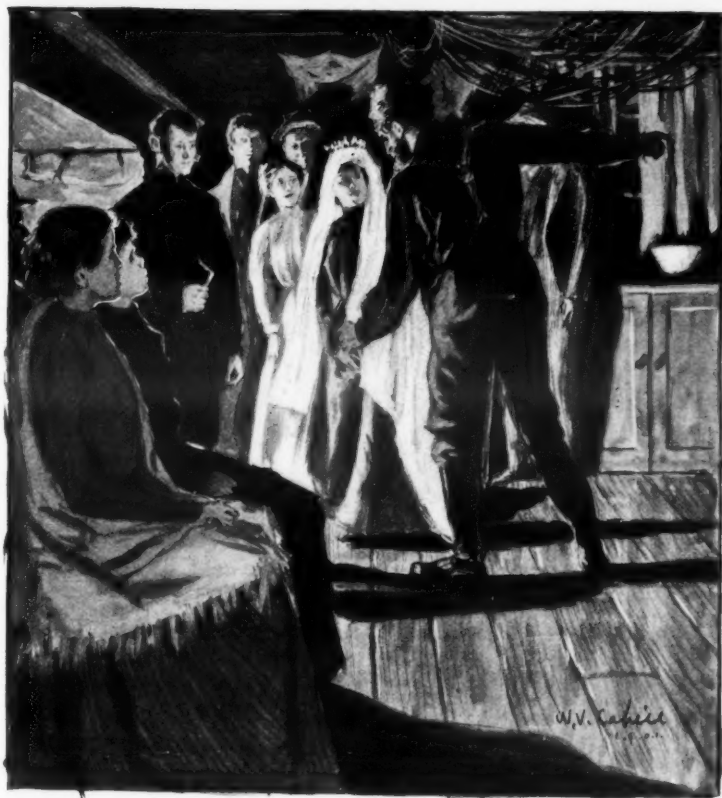
He dashed through the door, the men followed, and the women were left alone with their shadows leaping around them.

The preacher stood with his closed book before him. Ab Finney and Jane kept their places, and Marriekin wound her veil about her arm and hid her face upon it. A sense of rest succeeded the chaotic suffering that had possessed her; her lips softened into a smile.

The gate of dreams had not closed; what good fortune might not come through?

Before the pines had drowned the baying of the dogs, and the women had begun to wonder what would become of the wedding feast, and to say uncomplimentary things of Sol Plimsol, and with greater satisfaction of Mrs. Pollit because she was there to resent them, they remembered Brancz Dervis and agreed that he was a man indeed, so that when he came unobserved among them, he listened to a flood of praise, such as is spoken only of a man who has left the world.

When he offered himself a second time to



"It's the ol' red fox," he shouted in the girl's indifferent ear."

Marriekin, it was with the air of one who has the upper hand of adversity and who can afford to be humble.

"'Twarn't no use to try in them days," he whispered. "Hurlock can tell you. Luck was against me. I've got my chance now, though, an' Hurlock'll run that fox over the border, but he'll keep Sol Plimsol out of the way till we get a start for the beach below."

The women begged Marriekin to say yes, when she had no intention of saying anything else; and Branck Dervis produced his license that had made a commotion in Haven earlier in the day, for never in the history of the town had two men gone so far toward marrying one girl.

Again the preacher stood up; and so it happened that Sol Plimsol's marriage feast and Sol Plimsol's marriage sermon served for Branck Dervis' marriage.

While the red fox and his pursuers still ran toward the border, those that were left made merry over the feast until midnight, and the black oxen went stolidly down the beach.

The blue November sky was low and burning with stars. Later a rim of red light cut into the eastern horizon, and the foam on the edge of the sand reflected it until the moon and the moon glade met. The horns of the oxen and the holly on their necks marked themselves against the big disk; every leaf and berry was distinct.

Said Marriekin dreamily:

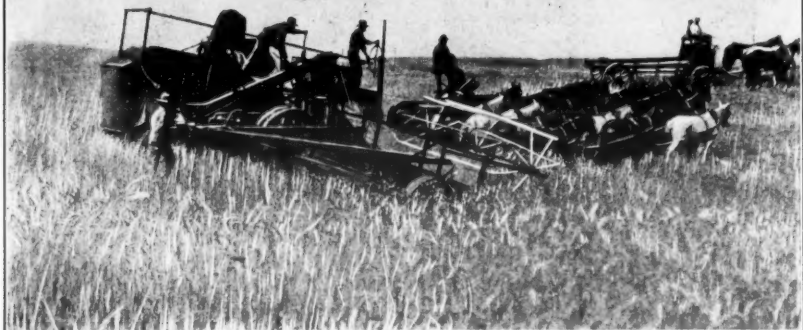
"Seems like we're goin' into another world."

Branck Dervis answered dreamily, as well, for he was worn out with following Hurlock's machinations and his successful struggle with fate:

"An' a better one."

# OUR FARMING INDUSTRY

BY FRANK M. TODD



*Courtesy of Holt Bros., San Francisco.*

A Combined Horse Harvester.

This machine cuts a swath 30 feet wide; and will cut, thresh, clean and sack the grain on from thirty to forty-five acres a day. It will take care of from 1,500 to 1,800 bushels of wheat daily. Four men and about twenty-five horses are required to operate the harvester.

JOSEPH, son of Jacob, had to warehouse a good deal of wheat in the seven fat years to carry the Egyptians through the seven lean ones. The American farmers produced enough in 1898 to make Joseph's little stock look like a pea in a tub. If it had all been piled in form on the plain of Gizeh it would have made nine pyramids the size of the pyramids of Cheops, and with the surplus another could have been reared four-fifths as large. That was the biggest American wheat crop ever recorded. It amounted to 675,148,705 bushels grown on 44,045,278 acres of land. Next year the yield was lighter, and the Americans only turned off seven and nine-tenths pyramids of wheat. In 1900 they even fell short of that, producing only a paltry seven and a half pyramids. Still, that would have been a comfortable addition to Joseph's stock, and considering that it was grown on a smaller acreage than the crop of 1899 was a rather creditable performance. The deficiency was made up with a 2,000,000,000 bushel corn crop, and 210,000,000 bushels of potatoes.

There was considerable ado over the increase of the standing army to 100,000 men. If every man in such an army were a good fast milker and worked at it ten hours a day, the whole force couldn't milk more than one-third of the cows that are now

being milked in this country—not to speak of the goats. And if they could milk them all, and if they did, and if they milked them into the Chicago Drainage Canal, beginning with it entirely empty, they could milk it bank-full in about two weeks.

If all the hens in this country were to be consolidated, like some of our other manufacturing establishments, into one hen, and that hen were to lay an egg with the cubic contents of all the eggs laid daily on American soil, that egg would be as big as— Well, it would be a very large egg. A chick hatched from it ought to be able to peck wheat off the dome of the national capitol. In 1890 there were 258,871,125 chickens in the country, and during the year 819,722,916 dozen eggs were produced and sold.

When Mr. Reed deprecated a billion-dollar congress somebody retorted that it was a billion dollar country. It is. The millions period is no longer adequate to express the magnitude of our manufactures, our trusts, our fortunes and our farming industry.

The acreage of American farms in 1890 was greater than the combined acres of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and the British Isles. The value of their realty was \$13,279,252,649, and the tools and implements on them represented an outlay of nearly half a billion more. They produced

over \$3,500,000,000 worth of food and raw material. The value of their exports in 1899 was \$792,811,733, or more than half the value of the entire exports of the country by \$42,000,000. The growth of this industry had the most primitive beginnings, and has gone forward in the face of the most discouraging vicissitudes.

The American of the revolutionary period was an extremely poor farmer. Looking back on his methods and his work, it is hard to say which were the more crude, his implements or his ideas.

He used a wooden plow; he was afraid an iron one would "poison the soil." He had not yet learned that glanders was contagious, and would work and stable healthy stock alongside stock affected by it and wonder what there was in the soil, air or climate that carried them off. He didn't understand the use of fertilizers, and instead of spreading his barnyard manure on his fields, he let it accumulate around his barn until the approaches were impassable. Then he dug the barn out and moved it. Instead of rotating crops to save his soil, he planted according to the phases of the moon. There were few sheep in the country, and other live stock was poor and scanty. In Virginia the belief prevailed that it would kill cows to house and milk them in the winter.

Transportation was poor and continued so for a long time. The roads could not have been worse. Markets were scattered and far between. Each farm attempted to be self-sustaining in as large a degree as possible. What the farmer couldn't grow or his wife make they went without. Wasteful methods of tillage eventually exhausted a soil originally rich, and in the reign of Andrew Jackson agriculture had fallen into such an alarming state of neglect and inefficiency that the Government had to come to its relief. Through the efforts of Henry L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, a bureau was established in the Patent Office which developed into the Department of Agriculture. By aid of that department principally farming has been made a science.

Nothing is more characteristic of American agricultural methods at present than the wheat growing. An industry in itself, it has been organized on the scale of great manufactures, with machinery and processes analagous to those employed in some such work as the production of steel. A distinctly northern crop now, wheat finds its most congenial soil in the Upper Mississippi Valley, where it is at one end of a great transportation route, the other end of which is Liverpool. From the time its green spears pierce the ground, its road lies plain before it. And had the great lakes not been there



Thoroughbred Holsteins.

it would almost have had to cut itself a channel, as their waters did, to the sea.

Minnesota produced last year 51,509,252 bushels of wheat. South Dakota, lying just beyond, produced 20,149,684, and North Dakota 13,166,599. The banner state, however, was Kansas. They never do things by halves in Kansas, and the yield of wheat last year was 82,488,655. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio are all heavy wheat growers and lie within striking distance of the great northeastern wheat route.

Throughout the major part of this section the growing of wheat is conducted as though it were the chief end of man, and the mere handling, selling and shipping of it have provided life occupations for hundreds of thousands of the ablest and keenest of American business men. The canal at the Sault Sainte Marie, known popularly as "the Soo," carries in eight months two and a half times the traffic of the Suez Canal in a year, and the largest item of it is wheat.

On the great ranches of Minnesota and the Dakotas, ranches ranging in size into the tens of thousands of acres, the hard spring wheat is grown, the kind that, milled into the best bread flour in the world, with the possible exception of the Russian, "has made Minneapolis famous." Here are conducted those titanic labors known in the picturesque American vernacular as "bonanza farming," the dream of whose promoters it has been to employ machinery and short-cut processes on such a scale that the farming of 640 acres a year should come to represent the work of one man.

It has been said that this is the age of the agricultural *entrepreneur*, and nothing illustrates the statement better than the modes of management of some of these great northwestern wheat farms. Ten thousand acres is a common size. On such a dukedom a farmer will keep ten steam threshers, twenty to fifty reapers, and hundreds of cattle and horses. Plowing is done with gang plows that make "swaths" instead of single furrows. Seeding is done by

machinery. Reaping and threshing are similarly accomplished. The scattered farm buildings are connected by telephone, and so are the neighboring ranches, and the ranches with the nearest town. Generally, there are spur tracks on the land, and a private elevator where the grain can await

the right price, which its owner learns by private wire instead of taking the traveling buyer's word for it. When the wheat is finally moved to some lake port it will be loaded by machinery that can handle a thousand bushels a minute, and started on its journey to Europe on a vessel that can carry the yield of over 16,000 acres of land in one gigantic cargo.

It has not been in this Upper Mississippi region, however, that mechanical developments in wheat production have reached their greatest height. The heavy dew-

fall and wetness of the standing grain have prevented the use of the most efficient type of harvesting machinery and confined the farmer to the sort that does the work of reaping and threshing in detached operations, and by the application of power in comparatively small quantities. On the Pacific Coast are great wheat producing stretches where the dryness of the atmosphere in harvest time makes possible the use of yet more tremendous machinery, and gives to wheat growing an even more spectacular and dramatic effect than it can ever have in the humid regions of the middle north.

In the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys of California and in the favored territory in eastern Oregon and Washington, and western Idaho, called by its denizens "the Inland Empire," where the Cascade Mountains make a barrier against the moisture-laden winds of the Pacific, standing grain is so dry by nine o'clock, in the harvest time, that it can be "headed" or reaped, threshed, cleaned and sacked, all in one machine, which is drawn over the field by a small herd of horses, or goes through harnessed to a steam traction engine powerful enough



*Courtesy of the Breeders' Gazette.*

The Prize Goat of America.

An Angora Ram that sold for \$500.



to haul a train of freight cars. Illustrations with this article show such machinery in operation on a California wheat ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Machinery of that sort goes with the largest kind of farming. One of the Sacramento Valley ranches contained at one time 45,000 acres, all in wheat, which was cut, threshed, winnowed and sacked by machines that cleaned it off at the rate of sixty acres a day apiece.

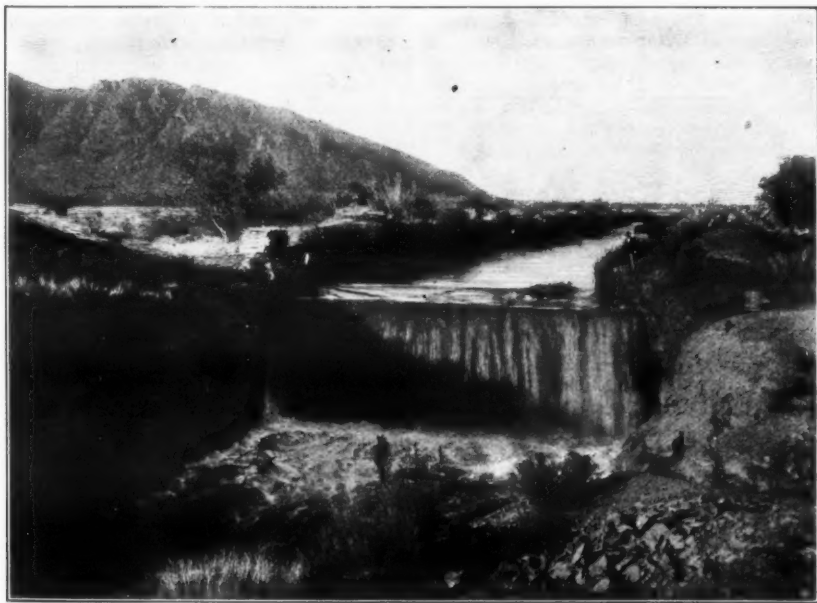
In this country wheat is broadly classified in three varieties, the hard, the soft, and the durum. The hard wheat makes the bread flour milled in the north. It is a northern product. The soft wheat makes a cracker flour and is milled largely in St. Louis. The durum is the macaroni wheat and are the only kind that do well very far south. Texas produced over 23,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1900, a good part of it of the durum varieties.

The United States grow more wheat than Asia, Africa and South America combined. The country is a larger producer than Russia by millions of bushels. There are only six countries in Europe that grow enough wheat to feed their own people. They are Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and

Servia; and in Russia transportation and marketing facilities are so poor that often famine and plenty literally exist side by side. The United States must supply Europe's deficiency and a good part of Asia's. In 1899 the American wheat crop amounted to 547,304,000 bushels, of which 139,432,815 were exported in the grain and 83,185,695 as flour, making a total of 222,618,510, or considerably more than two-fifths of the crop. For the last five years Great Britain has taken an average of over \$80,000,000 worth of wheat and wheat flour. Over \$3,000,000 worth of flour, mostly from the northern Pacific Coast states, is being sent to Hongkong yearly for the Asiatic trade.

Where the American farmer cannot grow wheat he can grow cotton. Roughly speaking, the two crops may be said to be mutually exclusive. Wheat is grown in several southern States, but generally under conditions that are purely local, while cotton has always flourished over a broad area of the South.

This country is the greatest cotton grower in the world. Texas alone produces more than any foreign country. The cotton crop is worth almost as much as the wheat crop, and two-thirds of it is exported. The third



Putnam photographer.

Irrigation in Arizona.

that remains at home has become a bone of contention between the New England and the Southern mills, and recent developments indicate that the Southerners may get the best of it. They have a quarter of the spindles in operation in the country, having doubled the number in the five years from 1890 to 1895, and doubled it again since the latter date. The Southern mills use two-fifths of the cotton that stays at home, and at times have been able to pay the grower half a cent more a pound than he could obtain at New York or Liverpool. The South suffered from the War, but long ago her people began to draw new strength from their adversity. The capacity for management and the quality of labor have both improved, so that she is ready to take hold of manufacturing industries and make them pay. Her new energies are going largely into cotton manufacturing and that will mean a firmer basis for raw cotton production than it has ever had before.

Cotton is grown in seventeen states and territories, and ranks first in six of these. It has gone west of the Mississippi River and become the chief crop of Texas. It is pushing back wheat. With commercial fertilizers the planter has been able to hasten its maturity and cheat the frost, so that the cotton zone has been extended fifty miles northward. Its appearance as a crop in

Oklahoma and the Indian Territory bodes ill for wheat in those regions.

Another thing that has added to the value of cotton is the discovery or discoveries of the value of the seed. For every pound of cotton fibre there are two pounds of cotton seed, and this was once discarded. Now there are 400 mills for it in the South, about nine-tenths of whose operatives are negroes. Its oil gets into almost everything. It masquerades as olive oil which it by no means equals either in savor or food value. Properly treated, however, it makes a capital substitute for lard. Combined with good oleo oil, expressed from the fat of freshly slaughtered beef, it is often made into better butter than is produced in a creamery, and at little more than half the cost to the consumer. The South produces five-sevenths as many bushels of cotton seed as the whole country produces of wheat, and when it is eventually turned to all its proper purposes it will be worth half the cotton crop. At present the value of the seed in a 10,000,000 bale crop is about \$30,000,000 to the planters. It ought not to cause any surprise to see in the near future advertisements of rolled cotton seed for breakfast.

Among the great nations the Americans have a monopoly of corn production, and have had until quite lately a practical



Hop Culture, Showing Method of Trellising.

monopoly of corn consumption as well. Europe grows hardly any maize, and the little that is produced in Hungary is of so poor a quality that it has not encouraged the use of it. However, the efforts of our Agricultural Department to introduce it to Europeans have met with some success, and

row, the seed is put in with a horse-power corn planter, the crop is harvested with a self-binder, and then the husks are ripped from the ears, and with the stalks and blades are cut into fodder by steam. It used to take a man an hour and a half to shell a bushel of corn, but nowadays the kernels are



*Courtesy of Holt Bros.*

A Steam Disk Plough in the San Joaquin Valley.

the exports of corn have doubled in the decade from 1890 to 1900. The practical Germans especially are learning that it is a cheap, palatable and nutritious food, and the Paris Exposition has done a great deal to teach French chefs its virtues as a basis of good cookery.

In this country corn is king. It may not be the most profitable crop, but it is the mightiest in the aggregate. In the fiscal year 1897 to 1898 the country's cotton was worth \$305,000,000, its wheat \$392,000,000, but its corn had a farm value of \$552,000,000. The production of corn in 1900 was over 2,100,000,000 bushels, with a total value of over \$751,000,000.

Corn has a wide range, but its favorite habitat is in the states of the central West, north of the thirty-sixth parallel, and especially in the warm bottom lands of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Methods of handling the great American product have changed as materially as those of handling iron or electricity. Once it was sowed by hand, cultivated with a shovel plow, cut with a knife, shucked with a husking peg, and shelled by rubbing over a frying pan handle. Now the earth is torn up with a gang plow and pulverized with a disk har-

taken from the cob by machinery at the rate of a bushel a minute.

Like cotton seed, corn is getting into everything. The husks are used for mattresses, the pith of the stalk for puncture-proof battleships, the shells of the stalk for paper stock. Varnish, salves, starch, grape sugar, substitutes for rubber, bicycle tires, rubber boots, linoleum, toilet soap, gluten feed, Bourbon whisky, lager beer, Missouri meerschaum pipes and smokeless powder, all come in whole or in part from corn. But most of all, perhaps, it gets into the hog and appears as bacon, ham and short ribs. The hogs in the United States in 1899 were worth \$170,000,000, and \$115,000,000 worth of hog products were exported. A large part of this was merely corn in one of its various masquerades.

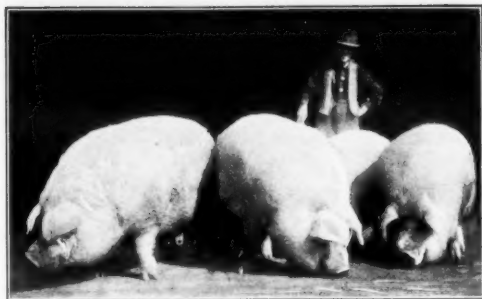
No phase of agricultural life anywhere, except perhaps in Australia, has ever possessed the romantic and adventurous charm of American cattle ranching. When out beyond the Platte and down toward the Rio Grande, and westward into New Mexico and Arizona, the great plains were open and the "grass of Uncle Sam" as free as air, men with ginger in them could lay the foundations of fortunes with no other capital than

a pony, a cow saddle, a rope and a branding iron. They required no land, and seldom cared for more than a few acres for the ranch house, and a place to keep the "chuck wagon," and other inanimate parts of the "outfit." If they chose they could range an area as wide as France. The Americans took the business from the Mexicans and extended it northward to Wyoming. There was nothing to prevent. In that day the cowboy told the visiting Englishman:

"This is God's country and there ain't no fences."

Those times are going, or have already gone. Barbed wire and the settler have changed it all. The few acres that sufficed for the bunkhouse and saddle room are not enough where free grazing is passing away. The cattle king must own his grazing ground, and the cowboy has been tamed into a mender of the fences he once despised. The packing industry has gone out toward the source of supply, to Omaha and Kansas City and other far Western towns. Railroads have done away with the long drives to shipping points, fences have spoiled the round-up, and branding pens are helping on the obsolescence of the lariat. In large sections of the cattle country every small town has its stockyard and spur track.

This doesn't mean that the cattle business is on the wane. Far from it. Its outlook now is brighter than it has been for ten years. Prices are better at home and the demand abroad is strong. European shipments of cattle on the hoof increased uniformly down to 1897, and though they have diminished slightly since then the financial returns have been relatively better. In the last five years the average value of meat products exported, principally to Great Britain and Germany, has been over \$141,000,000, and of live animals over 41,000,000. But the range cattle business no longer offers opportunities for the accumulation of such colossal fortunes as it once did, nor, where so much more money capi-



*Courtesy of the Breeders' Gazette.*

The Chester White Herd.

tal is required than formerly, does it offer opportunity to so many men with only their hands and brains to aid them.

Tobacco has always been an important crop with the Southern farmer, and its culture has also been successful in such Northern states

as Wisconsin and Connecticut. Over 724,000,000 pounds were grown in this country in 1898, and 17,000,000 pounds were imported from Cuba, Sumatra, Canada, Germany and Mexico. The value of these imports is over \$11,000,000 on the average annually. This is more than balanced by an average annual export worth about \$24,500,000, our principal markets being the United Kingdom, Germany and Italy.

American plantations, both beet and cane, have failed to supply the home demand for sugar, and the country has been importing about \$81,000,000 worth annually. The production of cane sugar has fallen off in Louisiana, but there have been determined efforts in different states to promote beet sugar production by bounty, and there has been almost a uniform increase in this line since 1895. The greatest production has been in California, where a wealthy sugar manufacturer has organized the industry on a large scale, and where cheap Japanese labor has been available for the work.

American farmers are becoming exporters of cheese, butter and condensed milk. The significant change in the dairy industry has been in the direction of improving the processes of manufacture. The modern method of dairying dispenses with the dank old spring house and the back breaking churn. The milk is cooled to the proper temperature and then sent to a creamery that takes care of the neighborhood's lacteal product. Here it is graded with a Babcock tester, skimmed or separated by steam machinery and centrifugal force and made up into standard grades of cheese and butter. It was thought at one time that there was a "dairy belt" through the country, outside of which dairying could not be carried on very profitably on a large scale. This has

been pretty well disproved. There are 17,500,000 cows in the country, most of which live in Iowa. Their annual product is worth about \$500,000,000. The exports have never gone above the produce of 500,000 cows, and the other 17,000,000 are busy supplying the home demand of the greatest butter-eating nation in the world.

The competition of the West with its great staple crops that will bear shipment over long distances has had its effect on the farming of the Eastern states. The growing city populations demand not only bread and beef, but fruits and fresh vegetables as well, and the latter commodities must be grown near at hand. This condition has led to an amazing increase of market gardening, a specialty that has made many an abandoned farm productive once more.

Where truck farming can be conducted near a market and under other favorable conditions it has become immensely more profitable, if we consider only the yield per acre, than almost any other form of agriculture.

The fruit industry in the United States is, in its larger aspect, at least, a comparatively recent development. The growing of oranges in Florida began to assume its present proportions with the growth of transportation facilities after the war. The hard

parts of the fruit industry in California. Some remarkable experiments in the artificial pollination of figs have been conducted in the vicinity of Fresno, California, and it is expected that the results in cured figs will be in time equal to the best Smyrna product. In fresh fruit the black Mission fig of that state can hardly be improved upon. Fig culture in this country, however, is still in its infancy, although at New Orleans and Biloxi, Mississippi, there are canneries that put out a good quality of preserved fig.

There are about 1,500,000 olive trees in California, which are supplying a delicious relish to the table all over the country, while canned asparagus, grown near salt water on the islands of the Sacramento River, is becoming famous in good hotels.

The Government has done a good deal for farming through the agency of its Agricultural Department, its agricultural colleges and experiment stations. But a more significant thing is what is being done for it by some of the Western railways. There has been a bitter antagonism between the farmers and the railways in this country for a good many years, arising out of a disposition on the part of some of our railway magnates to create themselves taxing powers and confiscate large shares of the profits of



Harvesting an Onion Seed Crop.

freeze of the winter of 1894 gave it a temporary setback, but the output even in that year ran over 5,000,000 boxes. The orange crop of Louisiana is of little importance, but California produces about 3,500,000 boxes, while Arizona is coming into the market as an orange grower with very fair prospects.

Prune and raisin growing are important

those dependent on their lines. This policy was expressed in the phrase describing the right sort of freight tariff for a railway as "all the traffic will bear." The man who got it up would naturally lack the brains to appreciate the intense hatred it would arouse in the hearts of those affected by it. But in one broad section of the country, at least, persons who lived by that policy found out

what it meant to have the enmity of a population. Strife between railway owners and employees found the farmers of half a state ready to take up arms against the corporation, and to supply provisions, blankets and Winchester rifles to its enemies.

men and lecturers. Institutes are held and lectures delivered on all sorts of agricultural topics. Any one may ask questions, any one may have his soil examined chemically to determine what will do well on it. Two lines run poultry trains through the



*Courtesy of Holt Bros.*

The Combined Steam Harvester.

There are railway men, however, that have come to a comprehension of the fact that their prosperity is vitally involved with the prosperity of the farming region their lines traverse, and they have set about promoting the one as a way to secure the other. Their methods are singularly like those of the Government, but perhaps more practical and direct as they can be applied to particular cases. The general freight agent of one Western road has 100 assistants helping to instruct the people along the line, in scientific farming. There is a horticultural agent, a poultry agent, a superintendent of dairies, a soil inspector, a traveling commercial agent, and there is a large number of buyers, sales-

country, buying for cash all the poultry the farmers wish to sell. If a particular product suited to the region happens to be more in demand in a nearby city than the one the farmers are already growing, they will be invited to a lecture and advised to change, the lecturer assuring them a market and higher prices. Sales of produce are frequently made through the company's

agents at much better advantage than the individual producer could make them. Buyers are found for the occasional oversupply. Creameries have been organized and the company's experts put in charge until the farmers who had been induced to invest were sure they could get along with their own managers.



The Wrinkly Merino.

A remarkable product of the breeders' skill.



By such means the farming industry is being extended to new ground at a rapid rate, and on a profitable basis.

All such developments not only increase the magnitude of the industry, but elevate the condition of the farmer. Theoretical farming, once kindly smiled upon as a freakish development that would only harm those not wise enough to let it alone, has taken possession of the country and revolutionized methods as old as the Aryan race. It would be a mistake to suppose it had much increased the productivity of the land or the yield per acre, but it has enlarged the power of man as an extensive cultivator, enabled him to conduct his farming ventures on a scale of greater magnitude and with more certainty, and better than all else has brought him into closer contact with the pulse beat of commerce and the life of the

than the man who owned the land, took the chances and worried away his digestion over the mortgage. The generous moods of nature were examples too expensive to be imitated, and close-fisted parsimony was exalted as the chief of the virtues.

To-day that is changed over a large area of the country. On the great bonanza farms of the West a man with 10,000 acres under his care and hundreds of men in his employ is a figure of importance. His intimate concern with the world's affairs makes him a reader, an observer, often a politician and a power. Even 10,000 acres is too small for him to confine himself to. His great business demands that he travel. He must go to Duluth, to Minneapolis, to Chicago, to Buffalo and to New York. A small mistake, a failure to sell at the right time, or to discard an old machine and adopt a new one,



*Courtesy of the Breeders' Gazette.*

Prize-winning Flock of Shropshires.

world, to the broadening of his powers and the improvement of his existence.

When farming was conducted on a small scale, limited to the mere manual efficiency of the farmer and his sons, its interests were narrow and its circumstances mean. Its rewards were so meager that the "hired hand" was often better off at the year's end

may cost him thousands. He is working his brain as hard as he can, and calling on his faculties for all they will do. He is bringing himself and his business more and more into touch with the modern spirit, and through combination with his neighbors is making agriculture more and more a power in the land.

# THE CHAMBER OF FEAR

By MARVIN DANA

Author of "The Whirl of the Windlass," etc.

A THICK fog had settled down over the Channel, where, as elsewhere at sea, a fog is both desolate and dangerous. To escape from the desolation of it, we had left the deck and were gathered in the smoking-room. There the others joined in a game of poker: Jim Andrews, the owner of the *Nomad*; his brother, George, Gunston Barker and a friend of Barker's whom Andrews had taken on at Naples, the Chevalier Scolli. The chevalier had rendered a service to Barker at Naples, and in consequence he had been invited to join us in the run to England. He proved to be an entertaining companion, but beyond this we really knew nothing of him.

A bad headache had kept me from joining in the game, and I sat idly by an open port not far from the chevalier. Now and then I glanced lazily toward the players, and once I noticed the chevalier drop his hand in a curiously stealthy fashion toward the lower edge of his coat. I have wandered too far not to understand a case of this sort, and I watched with sudden alertness. An instant later the hand was raised, but within it I caught one glimpse of the card he had brought from its hiding-place.

Rate at the cheat's audacity swayed me to action. Small wonder that he had won steadily, since such were his methods! I rose and walked to the table.

"I must interrupt your game, gentlemen," I said. "That fellow is a sharper!" and I pointed at Scolli.

The others cried out in astonishment; then they fell silent, their eyes fixed on the chevalier. As for him, he sat not making a movement or a sound, his face a ghastly white. But his gaze was turned full on me, and in it lay hatred, swift, remorseless, deadly. I am not a coward, but I confess that the glare from those black eyes sent a shudder through me. Had his will been master, I would have been destroyed. Yet I controlled myself and stood unflinching, my eyes returning only cold contempt.

Soon the tense silence was broken by Andrews:

"Gentlemen, this is a serious matter. Let —"

A terrifying crash interrupted his words. At the same moment the yacht swung and shuddered so violently that we were all thrown to the floor. While we were yet struggling to rise, the vessel careened over to port so far that I thought surely she must capsize.

Despite the confusion of the moment we had no wonderment, no doubt. At the instant of the shock we understood perfectly, with the intuition of despair, just what had occurred—a collision in the fog.

Before we were fairly on our feet, the second officer was at the door:

"The yacht is sinking! Quick! To the boats!"

I lay for a moment half stunned, and when finally I climbed up the companion way, I found that only the chevalier and myself remained on board. The officers and crew were in two of the boats, while Andrews and his friends were in the cutter. The dinghy remained on the davits. As I showed my face over the rail, Andrews called out:

"Hurry, man, or you'll be too late. Get the dinghy down—or jump overboard. We'll pick you up."

I hesitated. The sea was rough under the beating of that same breeze, which now slightly lifted the fog. Yet I was sure that I could easily make the cutter, and I longed with all my soul for my friends. I had my hand on the rail ready for the leap, when Scolli's voice sounded in my ear:

"If you'll help me with this boat!"

I turned and saw him at the davits of the dinghy. At the same time I felt in the deck beneath my feet that shuddering which warned me the yacht was about to sink. Evidently, the man did not dare leap into the waves. Evidently, too, there was not time for him alone to lower the boat.

Yielding to an impulse of pity, I nodded assent. I felt that I could not desert him in the face of this disaster.

Forthwith I was at the davits; a moment

more, and the dinghy was tossing uneasily on the waves.

"Get in," I shouted to Scolli.

The wind was fast increasing to a gale, so that I doubt if he heard my words. However, he understood, for he clambered into the boat, where I quickly followed him. We cast loose and then, each taking an oar, drew off from the yacht.

There were no signs anywhere of the ship that had run us down. The cutter was already some distance from us, and only dimly visible, for now that the fog had lifted night was falling. The crew in the two boats were, however, not far away, trailing slowly after the cutter. At once we began rowing in their direction, but the choppy sea made progress slow. We pulled hard, for we had no mind to be caught in the swirl of the sinking yacht. As it was, we were on the outer edge of the eddy as the vessel sank, and for half a minute the tiny dinghy tossed alarmingly, so that the chevalier's face was all a ghastly white.

After a little the tumult passed, and we again rowed away from the place where the yacht had gone down. The darkness had increased so suddenly that now we could no longer make out the cutter or the two boats, but we held on as best we could in the direction whither we thought they must lie. From time to time I tried a hail, but the roaring of the wind and the brawling of the waves left me little hope of being heard. In truth, there came no answer to my cries, and after a time we gave up further effort to find the others. By tacit consent—we had not exchanged a word since leaving the yacht—we ceased rowing and used our oars only to keep the

dinghy head on, lest we be swamped by the angry waters. It was plain that we could, at the best, do no more than keep afloat through the night. There was small chance of being picked up, for we could show no signal in the darkness. It would be quite useless, too, to try making land, as there



"We pulled hard, for we had no mind to be caught in the swirl of the sinking yacht."

was neither moon nor star to guide our course. In the morning—did we survive the gale—we might hope for rescue from some vessel, or we might row for the coast we deemed nearest.

I have scant memory of how the time passed. I sat there stupid and dull, yet watching closely everywhere, since I had no mind to be run down by a passing ship or to be caught in the trough of the sea. The

chevalier also watched. Or rather, I so suppose. I know that he did not sleep, and once I found his eyes fixed on me with the same glare of hate that I had seen on the yacht. A rift in the clouds revealed his face clearly, and afterward in the gloom I imagined him still staring at me with that deadly ferocity. Out there in the storm, and very close to death, it was a dreadful thing to realize that this, my sole companion in danger, was an evil man who hated me because I had made known his infamy. It is no credit to my humanity, but it is truth, that as the dragging hours passed I regretted more and more the fatal instinct of pity that had led me into this woe.

The frantic plunging of the dinghy aroused me from these morbid fancies, and I found that we were tumbling among breakers. Hardly did I grasp the truth ere the boat was thrown high in air and I was cast headlong into the waves. Very soon, however, I found myself on my feet in the shallow water, where I braced myself against the pull of the withdrawing waves.

A strangled cry came to my ears. I made a step toward the sound, and was just in time to seize the chevalier as he was being swept back. Another wave broke over us, but before it swept seaward I had the man on his feet and braced for the strain. In a moment the wave had rushed back past us, and then we both set out floundering through the shallows toward the shore. Another wave came and wrenched viciously at us, but we won through it, and so came safe to dry land.

We sprawled on the sand for a long hour, shivering, though it was midsummer, resting from the toil of our battle with the waves. But at last, I stood up, stiffly, and began walking inland over the flat and marshy

wastes that bordered on the sea. I had no means of judging with precision, but from the direction of the wind earlier in the day, I imagined that we were upon the coast of France, though just where I could not guess.

As I strode onward, I looked over my shoulder, and I saw that the chevalier followed. Even yet no single word had we ex-

changed, unless it was his smothered cry for succor as the sea swept him down toward death.

But the man was so great a coward that he dared not remain alone. So he followed me close, silent and hating, yet following.

I gave little heed to him. My chief concern was to reach some shelter where I might obtain food and a bed. The clouds were broken now, and at intervals a few gleams of cold light came straggling. By these I could make out the desolate barrenness of the region. To right and left and behind, the only objects were the sand dunes; in front there was nothing!

Through this dreary and hopeless tract I walked on and on,

for endless hours it seemed to me. When I had well-nigh lost all heart, I saw some way before me a dim line of shadow; whereat I quickened my steps until I came up to it. Here I found a quadruple line of trees, and within it lay a paved roadbed of bricks, with footpaths on either side. This cheered me exceedingly, for now it was evident that I was within reach of my fellow-man. With new hope I hurried on—and listening, I heard the steps of the chevalier still following steadfastly.

Mile after mile I tramped over this pretentious highway, 'twixt double rows of trees, and still on either hand there was nothing save the marshy expanse fading afar into a doubtful horizon of cloud and mist. My legs grew so weary that I could scarce move



"I stumbled back to the window, where I held myself upright, waiting and watching."

them; my feet so sore that every step was a torture. Behind me I could hear the chevalier shuffling painfully, with dragging steps. And still there was no single sign of man's habitation. I almost fell exhausted by the wayside. It seemed to me that I was one accursed, the sport of malignant devils that drove me adrift into an endless wilderness.

And then, when hope failed and despair was master of my soul, I saw before me the soft and kindly twinkling of a light.

It were useless to describe my joy. In that instant fatigue was forgotten. I hastened forward with new vigor, my heart singing praises to God for his mercies. Very soon I reached the light. Behind me followed the chevalier.

Straightway I was at the door and pounding lustily. In the gloom I could make out no more than that the structure was a small cottage. Through the uncurtained window, whence shone the light, I could see the single small room. In one corner was a couch and on it I thought I distinguished a man's figure. In this I was right, for while I yet knocked the mass moved and then revealed itself as the form of a peasant, who came shambling to the door. As he opened, I cried out eagerly in French:

"Hasten, my man. We have been shipwrecked, and we perish for lack of food and shelter."

The door was thrown wide, and I stumbled into the cottage, the chevalier following closely. Once within, the lout closed the door, took the lamp in his hand and scrutinized us shrewdly; then he spoke in mongrel French:

"I have only bread and coffee."

"That's enough," I answered.

"Bring it quickly and make a fire."

I sank on the couch; the chevalier huddled on a chair by the fireplace. To quicken the clown's movements I pulled out my sovereign case and tossed a piece of gold on the table. The fellow started as he heard the ring of the metal and turned avaricious eyes on me. As I caught the lust in his glance I regretted my folly in displaying money before him, for he looked a ruffian.

"Hurry!" I commanded, and thereafter I thought no more of the incident.

Worn as we were, the chevalier and I nevertheless managed to eat heartily of the coarse fare that was set before us. The black bread was delightful, the cheese ravishing, the chicory ran in my veins like wine. But though we sat at the same board, the chevalier and I spoke not a word to each other, and our host was equally taciturn, for after his solitary remark he remained mute.

He had built a generous fire, and when I had finished eating I sat before it, while I smoked one happy pipe. . . . The pipe fell clattering on the hearth, and I awoke with a start, to question the cottager.

"The bed?"

He pointed to a corner, where I now saw a short ladder that hung from a trap in the ceiling. By this I speedily mounted, carrying a fragment of candle with which my landlord had provided me, and so came



"There came a huge splash, and the waters of the canal closed over me."

through the trap into a little attic room, hardly ten feet square and having a single window. For its whole furniture there was a rough mattress covered with a blanket, that lay along one wall.

I was in no mood to cavil at my quarters. Promptly I shut the trap, and then stretched myself on the rude bed. As the chevalier had not followed me, I understood that he would sleep on the couch below.

Yet I could not sleep. The weariness of body, the wrack of nerves had set my mind in a whirl so swift and so persistent that I could not calm myself. The candle guttered and went out, but the darkness was filled with the pictures of my troubled brain, and brought no peace. It was light enough outside so that the window was a square of ghostly white and at this I stared until, when I closed my eyes, it danced on my retina. The wind continued to blow and violently; indeed, it seemed to me that every moment its strength increased. I feared that the cottage would be overwhelmed by some fierce blast, for it swayed ominously, groaning the while an accompaniment to the tempest's shrieks. At last I fell into a doze, but nightmares made my sleep hideous.

Then, of a sudden, I was wide-awake. A horror of something, I knew not what, possessed me, and made me the cringing victim of its vagaries. My head was whirling with vertigo as I sat up; all the room reeled before my eyes. I sprang to my feet and lurched blindly to the window.

I pushed the sash open and leaned out. For a brief moment my dizziness passed, and I looked forth with relief on the scene. A short way from the window was a group of buildings, a farmhouse and outbuildings. Though the wind raged, the moon was now shining so that I saw clearly.

An indistinct noise in the room behind me caused me to turn quickly. But though my eyes roved the chamber I could distinguish in the gloom nothing to cause alarm. The instinct of fear held me closely; nevertheless, I strove to cast it from me, and after a moment I stepped forward toward my bed. As I moved, the vertigo again seized me, I staggered, and fell heavily. Quickly I was on my hands and knees, but my head still swam, so that I dared not try to rise. As I crouched there, half dazed, a subtle sound nearby caused me to turn my head, and I saw dimly a shadowed mass, close at hand and creeping stealthily upon me. At the sight I sprang erect and struck wildly, madly. My blow fell on flesh that yielded to

the shock—I heard a sharp cry of pain. Instantly the form of my enemy vanished into the darkness. I stumbled back to the window, where I held myself upright, waiting and watching.

Now that I had time to think I could not doubt as to the nature of my adversary. Again I bewailed my stupidity in displaying gold to the peasant. Dully, I wondered if he had already killed and robbed the chevalier. Certainly the assassin had little to fear. Two exhausted men washed up by the waves—they could offer but feeble resistance to his strength. Yet a sharp rage against the man's treachery surged in me.

For a little, nothing happened, and I allowed the tension of my nerves to relax. Instantly the vertigo returned. My brain was in tumult; the world was chaos. In the stress of it I forgot my foe. Turning, I again leaned from the window. My eyes rested blindly on the landscape.

Then, as in a lighting flash, my vision cleared. My sickness passed unheeded in the shock of amazement.

Then, at last, I realized, with a thrill of uttermost horror that the struggles and terrors of the night had made me mad, that my brain was the powerless prey of its own phantoms. A sob of anguish burst from me. In that moment I had no fear of death—only of myself!

For the scene was new and strange. When before I looked from this same window I had beheld buildings and stacks of hay and straw. Now my eyes rested on a little pond; beyond it a field of uncut corn stretched; nowhere was there sign of house or barn or heaped-up hay and grain.

Instinct warned me of danger within the chamber, and I was glad to turn from the torture of my troubled thoughts to the vehemence of conflict. I moved a little from the window into the shadow and peered closely, and listened. If my blow had stunned the enemy, he had now recovered, for I could hear a dragging movement on the right. Without a second's delay, I leaped toward the sound. In a moment I had the man in my arms, and we were writhing here and there over the floor, fighting to kill.

A sharp pain darted through my arm. Under it my grasp loosened, but as the man drew free, I whirled from his blow and sprang toward the window.

As I leaped forward, I felt again that deadly nausea; the room spun like a top. And then, above all the noise of the wind, there arose all about me a sudden and fear-



ful clamor, as if the very building were alive and shrieking despair.

All this was in a second, and in that second I was at the window. But as I sprang upon the sill I knew that my madness remained.

For again I looked on a scene unlike either before. There were neither buildings nor stacks, neither pond nor field of corn; instead, a narrow canal, and beside it ran the quadruple row of trees—underneath which I had walked. White forms, too, flashed by me as I gazed.

But I made no pause. I leaped out.

Suddenly I was caught in a soft, resistless embrace. I was carried high, up and up, with fearful speed—then cast afar, to fall an endless way, it seemed to me. There came a huge splash, and the waters of the canal closed over me.

When I regained consciousness I was lying on the bank of the canal, and the sun was shining into my eyes.

I lay there, idly gazing, my thoughts not yet alert. Without interest, I watched the windmill close by, its sails turning slowly and evenly in the light breeze. The style of it bore witness that this was Holland; but for that I cared not at all.

A man at the window behind the sails put out a hand to the rudder and swung the sails to another angle, where they took the wind more strongly. As the axis revolved hesitatingly, I saw that this was a windmill of the rarer sort, in which the tiny upper chamber itself turns as the rudder varies the direction of the sails.

I saw the face of the man at the window. At the sight memory of the night came rushing back on me, and with it, understanding. My chamber had been that rotary loft. The gale had torn loose the rudder's fastenings, so that the room had swung here and there as the wind veered. Thus my single window had traversed the landscape, while I had attributed the movement to an

imagined vertigo, to a diseased brain. At the last the sails themselves must have broken from their moorings. It was by one of these I had been caught and hurled forth.

Even so there was peril still. At any mo-



"Just beyond the bushes lay the huddled body of a man, the face toward me."

ment the man at the window might espy me, and hasten to complete his work. A clump of bushes a few yards from me offered a hiding-place. Toward these I crawled.

But as I came behind them my eyes fell on something that caused me new horror.

Just beyond the bushes lay the huddled body of a man, the face toward me. And the face was that of the chevalier Scoll.

At last I understood all. It was the chevalier who, to silence the one man that could disgrace him, had attacked me in the windmill chamber. In his right hand he still held a dagger firmly clutched.

The sails that had cradled me and tossed me down to the cushion of the canal had crushed his skull. . . . It is curious that of all on board the *Nomad* that night the chevalier alone perished.

# MARRIAGE NOWADAYS

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

ONE hundred and thirty-five years ago our American forefathers took pride in turning their old clothes, patching them, making them last somehow till they could shear their sheep, spin and weave and fashion new suits. The preferred wedding garments just then were homespun, rather coarse in texture and uncouth in cut, but most honest and serviceable, and the young men and women of America would become old bachelors and old maids rather than wear the fine fabrics of England, for they and their fathers and grandsires had solemnly promised one another that they would not buy a yard of British cloth till the odious stamp tax was removed. At that very time a phenomenon which the British did not understand was beginning to attract attention in England. The House of Commons asked Benjamin Franklin to explain it on the day he was summoned before that body to account for the "unfilial and astonishing conduct" of America towards the dear mother country.

"What do you think is the reason," he was asked, "that the people in America are increasing faster than in England?"

"Because they marry younger and more generally," he replied. "Any young couple that are industrious, may easily obtain land of their own on which they can raise a family."

This was the sturdy stock that won our independence. The young man who could hew and delve, and the young woman who could cook and spin, were ready to rear a new hearthstone and add a new family to the world. "Late children are early orphans," say the Spaniards. But the boys who fought in the Revolution were not orphans for their fathers were alive and none too old to shoulder flintlocks and to march and fight with them. Early marriages helped to swell the battle array under Washington's command. It is possible that we owe more than we imagine to the fact that the Americans married "younger and more generally" than the English.

During most of our national existence we

have been distinctively an agricultural people. "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm," was a popular song for many years while the young men of the seaboard states were turning the sod and planting crops from the Appalachians to the Great Plains. The young and strong pioneered the way. They were home-seekers and home-builders in every sense implied by the sweet word home. They took their brides with them or the brides came soon after the first rude house was reared. The fact that there was land enough for all, ninety years after our nation was founded, was a crowning influence in keeping our people what their fathers were, a race of home-builders who multiplied homes just as fast as young shoulders were fitted to carry the responsibilities of a family. It is this fact that has led some of our statisticians and students of social science to conclude that we did not need the influx of foreign peasants to give our country, at this time, nearly its present population. They argue that as the natural growth of population is less rapid with increased density, the millions of foreigners who have crowded into parts of the country have doubtless retarded, to some extent, the rate of increase of the distinctively American population.

Six millions of our homes, in the agricultural areas alone, were reared, most of them, by young husbands and wives. Other millions in our towns and cities may be added to them, all the blessed fruition of young hope and strength; the beginnings of these homes were nurtured by love, courage and enthusiasm; their enduring form and atmosphere came with the rich and chastening experiences of life whose fullest meaning is impressed only upon the men and women who mate as nature ordained. The golden mean of things is the decisive influence in the long run. We should be very proud of our average American home as the greatest of the masterful agencies that have made this nation. What counterpart in other lands has conferred equal blessings upon the common people? It is because the average

American home is what it is that we have no ignorant peasant class except what comes to us in ships.

It is a mere truism to say that the welfare of the individual, of society and of the state is best served by marriage and by early marriage, too. The fact has been established for forty years that the death rate among all married men over twenty years of age is less than that among unmarried men; and that the death rate among all married women over twenty-five years of age is less than that among unmarried women. The home being the cornerstone of civilized life, society is enriched by the multiplication of homes, and impoverished when they are not in normal proportion to the total population. Only within the past few years has worldwide attention been drawn to the startling fact that the well-being of a mighty nation is menaced by the predominance of celibacy. More than half the men and half the women of France are unmarried. The foreign immigration into France is to-day greater than the natural increase of its own people. The excess of births over deaths in any year among those many millions amounts to only about one-half of the population of Newark, N. J. The result is that while other nations of Europe are rapidly increasing in population, France is almost stationary. While, a century ago, Frenchmen comprised a fifth of the European population of the world they now form only a tenth of it. The importance of their country as a world power is not growing. Their international commerce lags far behind that of other leading nations. How empty is the boast of rattle-pated orators that France will some day gloriously avenge Sedan when she can add only 300,000 conscripts a year to the army while 500,000 recruits are annually enrolled across the Rhine! We shall speak later of the mistaken motives, the policy ruinous alike to the citizen and the state, that induce many of the French to restrict the number of their children, and half of them to go through life unmarried. France is today an object lesson from which the whole world may derive warning and instruction on the questions of marriage and the family, those greatest of social influences.

In the past few years we have become the largest manufacturing as well as the greatest agricultural nation. Our production of manufactures, several years ago, was nearly double that of Great Britain, long the leader in industries. The result of this enormous industrial expansion is that our towns and

cities are growing at the expense of the country. Our shops and factories are drawing the boys and girls from the farms. The majority of us are still farmers, but the village, town and city are now having the most rapid development. As a people we are accustoming ourselves to live away from the soil, to buy our food and to pay rent, conditions of life with which our fathers had little acquaintance. New ideas of living and of our social relations and opportunities are cropping up among us as in all communities where great masses of people are crowded together. What is the effect of these new conditions upon marriages in the United States?

On the whole, for the past twenty years or so we have been marrying a little later in life, and this tendency is probably still growing. Have any material reasons been evolved from our changed conditions that make it necessary for our young men and women, fitted to enter the marriage relation, to postpone that momentous event five or ten years later than was the rule among their grandparents? Let us answer No and consider some facts tending to prove that this is the correct answer. Is it a detriment to our young men and women, to the communities in which they live, to the nation of which they are a part to start the next generation at a later period of their lives than was the custom among us thirty years ago? Let us answer Yes, and consider facts tending to prove that this is the correct answer.

No one advocates the union of fledglings when he favors early marriage as practicable, and wholly to be desired. Adolescence is the preparatory stage and not the period in which the first chapter in the new family history should be written. We are writing of those for whom marriage is fitting. No wise girl will consent to wed a man of any age who has not proven his sincerity, courage, ambition and his capacity to provide her with a comfortable home in the station of life which they occupy. Given on both sides the essential fitness for marriage let the young couple begin the new life together without needless delay. In no other country are circumstances so favorable for early marriages as in the United States. Wages and salaries are the highest paid anywhere. Trained labor of all sorts is so highly skilled, our superiority in the handling of machinery so pronounced that, taking 1 as the producing capacity of the average British workmen that of the American workman is esti-

mated at 2 1-4, the German and the Swiss artisans coming between the Briton and the American. Incompetency lags behind, but most of our people are competent and earnest, and nowhere else are efficiency and earnestness so quickly recognized and so rapidly promoted. And while we command the best of wages, the purchasing power of our money has vastly increased. Lumber and gold are practically the only commodities in our markets that have not declined in price in the past twenty years. The cost to us of all the cotton and woolen fabrics we use has been declining for thirty years. We now make most of the silk goods we consume at a great saving to our purses. The prices of boots and shoes, kerosene, tinware, iron and steel products, furniture, and nearly everything else we use have been cut in two. American genius for inventing machinery and economic processes of production have wrought these wonders. As we are the largest consumers of sugar in the world, it interests us to know that we are not paying now for a pound of sugar quite half as much as we paid in 1871. As the cost of bringing commodities to us is added to the price, the fact is important that freight rates are only about one-third as high as they were thirty years ago. These are among the blessed results of recent progress. All of them help to smooth the way for the young man and woman who must begin their housekeeping on a very modest scale.

Rents are not declining, on the whole, owing to the rapid growth of towns and cities. But none the less a remarkable advance has been made in the way of providing modest homes for people of small incomes. New York presents an extreme case, for rents are higher on Manhattan Island than in most cities of the world. It would scarcely be expected that great progress would be making in Manhattan in the way of providing more comfortable homes at comparatively low rentals. Such is the fact, however, and it is due chiefly to two circumstances. One is that the "flat" has at length become a civilized abode. These latter day apartments are no more to be compared with those built twenty years ago than is the comfortable Philadelphia cottage with the log cabin of the Yukon miner. The problems of light, air, sanitation, convenience and comfort have been solved in scores of moderate-priced apartment houses erected within the past few years. Architects believe that every

attainable advantage in this class of buildings has now been provided. The other circumstance is that apartment houses are beginning to supply, under one roof, suites of various sizes to fit the differing needs of tenants. Great buildings, for example, south of 125th Street, with elevators that make the seventh floor more desirable than the first, have suites renting at from \$360 to \$800 a year, the smaller consisting of four rooms and bath with hot and cold water, gas ranges and all the housekeeping conveniences of the larger apartments. Rooms for servants are supplied in the basement at a small additional charge. It is expected that, in future, small suites like these will solve the problem of rent for many young couples who desire really attractive surroundings and can live without discomfort, for a while at least, in a very few rooms.

Another large class of flats is intermediate between these improved and more expensive apartments and common tenements, and large capital is finding investment in tenements that provide for laboring men and their families, light and sanitation, larger rooms, and other facilities for living in decency and comfort at prices no higher than many work-people of New York have paid for the most wretched accommodations. Thus, even on Manhattan Island more comfort may now be secured for the rentals paid than formerly, and the most welcome features of the improvement are the efforts to provide better homes for the common working classes, and also for refined persons of moderate means. The facts briefly outlined above represent, it is believed, the normal conditions under which our industrial classes carry on the struggle of life. Labor troubles, periods of financial stringency and other vicissitudes sometimes cause widespread distress, but our people in all walks, on the whole, are well employed and enjoy as large a measure of prosperity and happiness as has fallen to the lot of man. Our material condition has never been more favorable for the young men and women who wish to begin their lifework together than during the years of our great industrial development. The fact that we are marrying somewhat later in life than our fathers is not because environing circumstances are more unfavorable to us, but because we have imbibed, in some measure, erroneous and extravagant notions that the French are proving to be full of peril. What is the healthful and normal idea of matrimony to which we should subordinate the latterday

conception of many young people that marriage had better be deferred till they can embark full sail with all supplies provided for a prosperous voyage? We may illustrate both question and answer by referring to the grievance of a certain landlord who told of his troubles the other day.

This landlord has a large, elevator apartment house with well planned and very attractive suites which, however, are quite small. The rents being moderate, the place is particularly popular among newly-married couples of the middle class. These young folks don't mean to be naughty, but unwittingly they are a thorn in the flesh to their well-meaning and kindly landlord.

"Among the thirty-three families in my house," he said, "I have fifteen young married couples. They come to me fresh from their wedding trips. Life is roseate, joy is unconfined, the sun will always shine for them, and peace and plenty will be their portion. Lots of 'em don't know beans about housekeeping. What were the mothers of those girls thinking of? Their families are well-to-do, and some of them never lived in an apartment house in their lives. Well, pretty soon they get a glimmering of an idea that this is a work-a-day world, after all, and that it's the unexpected that generally happens. My apartments are not what they seemed, and the young women insist that I tear down and build over again. Being on the premises all day I'm a convenient receptacle for tales of trouble with the butcher, grocer and iceman. I'm filled and overflowing with the woes of young folks who were never married before, and I'm tired. I may say that I'd rather deal with twenty old housekeepers than with three young married women."

It is hard on the landlord, but he suffers in a good cause. He has under his roof a lot of young people just launched on an unknown sea. Thenceforth they are to be founders and builders, one of the family units that make up society; with responsibilities ever widening, duties to one another, their children and the world that make the horizon of their past experiences seem very narrow. Life's most earnest and solemn phase has begun for them at last, and they are being inducted into it, in the usual way, by thorny educational processes that evolve from greenhorns the strongest of good men and women. Some will fall by the way; but who doubts that most of them will solve the larger problems growing out of their new position, as well as the majority of married

folk solve them? How much better for themselves, their children and society that they should face this future together in the morning of active life when their mutual love, confidence and enthusiasm make the struggle even a pleasure, give buoyancy to hope and incite the utmost perseverance. Besides, their children will have an opportunity to know their grandparents, a most desirable adjunct in every well regulated family. It is unfortunate for any child to be acquainted with its grandparents only through the imagination as withered branches of the ancestral tree. The most delightful and beautiful homes may date their foundation from the wedding day of our young people. There are other pleasant homes; but when the wedding day is so long deferred that habit becomes fixed in narrow and selfish grooves, love loses its vital potency, hope is half paralyzed and the blessed illusions of life are all dispelled; marriage becomes too often a mere matter of convenience—a very practical, cut and dried sort of a business arrangement. That landlord will probably live to see the best of housekeepers evolved from those brides of yesterday. They are immersed just now in the problem how to make an income do for two which one has mainly expended on himself. White men in Central Africa are teaching the natives that it is wicked to destroy the rubber vine because it is wasteful. They enforce this lesson in morality by punishing the natives if they cut down the vine to extract its juice instead of tapping it. Any young man of Manhattan who is compelled to take his bride to the suburbs from motives of economy is to be congratulated if together they learn the lesson of thrift and profit by it. When they know the real worth of our copper cent and part with it only for value received or the good they can do with it, they will have made a distinct advance in morality.

Why should lovers defer their marriage a day longer than the time when, as far as we mortals can discern the future, the prospect of a comfortable home is reasonably assured? It is senseless to wait for the coming of affluent days. Their lives should be united, and each in his way should help to bring about the advent of easier times if they are ever to come. It is as foolish to wait for a larger income than is really required as it is for parents to slave and drudge that their children may enjoy a degree of affluence they have never known. This is the rock upon which the French



nation has split. They are a frugal and a thrifty people. It is interesting to know that many of the tasteful, artistic and costly products of France are made almost exclusively for the foreign trade. Two-thirds of the best chinaware of Limoges, for example, comes to the United States. A well-to-do French woman is likely to use a preparation of rice flour as a cosmetic, leaving the delicate perfumes and other toilet articles of Paris for her American and British sisters who are willing to spend more money for such things. But the rich father, unfortunately, conceives it to be his duty to leave his children richer than himself; if, on the other hand, he be a poor tiller of the soil it is disgraceful not to educate his son to a trade or a profession so that the family name may have a higher place in the social scale. This deplorable ambition fixes upon the family a burden almost too great to be borne, and parents deliberately restrict the number of their children. In large districts, particularly in northern France, families of more than two children are rare. Many of the young people, seeing the hard lives their parents lead, defer their own marriage in order to better their fortunes, till at last even the desire to marry is extinguished. Parents and children of all lands may well heed the lesson in sociology that France is now teaching.

Nearly all our self-made men, leaders in the professions and in business, married young and on very moderate incomes. Many assumed, without the slightest trepidation the responsibility of supporting a wife on \$1,000 a year or less. These men usually have very pronounced views on the inadequate knowledge of the value of money and how to take care of it possessed by the majority of young men and women. The views of these young persons as to the amount of income upon which they may prudently marry vary, of course, according to the circumstances in which they have lived. Many an intelligent girl who works in New York

kitchens has no doubt whatever that she and the steady, industrious fellow she intends to marry will have a comfortable home on \$12 to \$14 a week. A penniless German school teacher who came to Philadelphia when a young man and who in his old age lives in New York on the rentals of apartment houses bought with \$300,000 he earned slowly in manufacturing, asserted the other day that \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year in New York would give to young married couples of refinement a comfortable home, books, music and amusements, and everything they might need for the rational enjoyment of life. This gentleman has the German ideas of thrift. There is scarcely any doubt that any man and wife, gifted with his ability to disburse dollars to the very best advantage, would be able to realize his idea of comfortable married life on a small income.

Happy is the young man who is sensible enough to choose a sensible girl of his own station in life to preside over his home; who knows that a pretty face alone will not win the lasting love of a husband, and who realizes that many of the best girls in the world, fitted to enrich the life of any man, to bring sunshine into his home and to be a noble mother to his children may have few of the superficial charms that attract the thoughtless. He and she should be mentally mated, but that does not mean that their intellectual interests must be identical. She may love philosophy and music, while he is devoted to law and history. He will be all the richer if she opens to him a new world of pleasure by dragging him around to concerts and operas till he learns perforce to love the best music. Above all, when the period of their romantic love has reached its inevitable end, may he and the woman of his choice have been so fitly mated that theirs shall be the best friendship and comradeship to the end of their days. No happier lot in life than that can befall any man.



## THE RED CHIEF

By THEODORE ROBERTS

We saw his fire upon the hills;  
The spruce trees knew the crawling smoke.  
A thousand berries of the wood  
Took on the scarlet of his cloak.

The far trails felt his moccasins  
Tread soft along the cedared way.  
The ancient pines beheld the flare  
Of his red shield, at break of day.

He hailed the birches down the stream,  
Gently he sang with his soft breath.  
His face was brown and kind, and yet  
The dreaming alders dreamed of death.

The gray geese heard his sure approach  
And left the blue lake's still retreat.  
The sunset mocked his feathered crest;  
The partridge berries stained his feet.

And we, who saw upon the hills  
The curling signals of his fire,  
Knew that the Scarlet Chief had come  
To woo us to his swift desire.

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## THE COMING OF THE AUTUMN RAIN

By HATTIE WHITNEY

The autumn sun came up by a shaded-crimson path;  
The third white frost lay sharp and clear on rowen and after-math.

The autumn sun went down at the flight of the shallow day,  
With tulip-fires blown to naught, and lavender lost in gray.

And the lonely night wind came with smell of the mould-grown sod,  
The wet, cold breath of the marshes and dust of the golden rod;

The lonely night wind came and harped, with a fitful strain,  
In the long, loose vines, and called aloud for the kiss of the autumn rain.

And over the vague, dark fields, and down in the elder copse  
And in the lap of the meadow fell a whisper of gentle drops.  
The vine-strung harp was hushed; the lonely wind was dumb,  
And the world, at dawn, was silvery-wet, for the autumn rain had come.

# THE INACCESSIBLE VALLEYS

By MORTIMER O. WILCOX

WHEN the eaves begin to drip and the shingles to steam in the first warm days of March, then Billy Carew begins to fidget strangely. Then he forgets that he has a good position and has settled down in life. He looks away past all the smoke of the chimneys into the red west, and he says to his companions: "Oh, boys, but I wish I was there again!" That is the hour when, if ever, the taciturn young man will talk about the wars.

Billy told a story to those who had been his cronies in old days, one evening when the noises were almost hushed on the streets of the big, restless city.

"Inac-inaccessible," said he, after long musing. "Yes, that's the word, and that's what they were called—the Inaccessible Valleys. You ask anybody who's been out there in the East whether he's heard of them. The queerest thing in all the Philippines.

"When we were up there in the north of Luzon we were doing chores all the time. Our part of the programme was to keep a big, wild lot of country quiet, from down on the coast where Balong is away up into the mountains that look just like blue clouds on the skyline. Every little while somebody would get gay, and then we'd make a dash out of Balong, and put matters to rights. It meant an awful hustle, but was less work in the end. Generally young Captain Robson had charge of those excursions, and he filled the bill; he was the goods as ordered.

"One day word came for about a hundred of us to go up into the mountains and settle the hash of a man named Datto Pedrillo. He was a headman or something up there who was always making trouble. Whatever we did or whatever we tried, he was always against it. About once in so often he'd send his bolo men down into the rice country to chop up the inhabitants and raise a disturbance, and nobody had ever been able to catch him, for nobody knew where he lived. Well, this time Steve Robson was stripping us down for some fast walking, and in Balong there was a kind of a suspicion that something was due to happen to the Datto.

"We went up by way of Kalao, and there a-sunning himself in the public square was Mr. Archie Sellers, very much at home. 'Ah, there, my little mercenaries,' says he, 'what plot, what errand of the tyrant is a bringin' you up here now? Why come to disturb these here peaceful glades? Wanter buy some tobaccer?' For he had a little shack where he sold bananas and plug cut, and over it a sign that said: 'T. Archibald Sellers, Only Original Hobo in the Philippines.'

"Archie knew about Pedrillo, how he was always a-making trouble and blocking things, and he swore there was his idea of a statesman. 'He's the rooster for me,' says Archie. 'Why don't yer attend ter your own bizness anyway? Tend to yer own bizness, 'n' leave that loyal spirit, that black-'n'-tan Marco Buzzarus to his'n. You stay here 'n' he'll stay there, but if you go up into them hills so far away, who knows what he may do?'

"'We'll have to find him first,' says one.

"'Yer won't,' says Archie. 'He can skip back through them mountains. Have you ever heard,' he says, 'of the Inaccessible Valleys? Well, that's where Pedrillo goes 'n' nobody knows the way in, but everybody up here has heard of 'em. I'd kinda like to see 'em; they say it's a bad place, though, 'n' full of spirits 'n' things. Say, I disapprove of this heré campaigning against Pedrillo, but I guess I'll go along with the collum, boys, ter-morrow. I'm gettin' a little sick of a mercantile career.'

"So next morning, sure enough, Archie came tagging along behind us. And he could travel; he'd had professional experience, you see, in another land. He kept up a steady dog trot, and just as steady a whine. 'Aw, what's the use of hurryin' so? Set down 'n' rest, why can't yer? This here hunger fur new domains, this selfish grab fur the things which ain't yer own, it makes me sick 'n' tired.' Just the same, Archie would wander off one side now and then, and there are chickens over there on Luzon. The sight of him enjoying a chicken's bones was kinda rough on us, but Lieutenant Harris, who had the rear, didn't send Archie back.

"Robson, though, riding in front, heard of this, and he got off his horse and waited for us to come by. Last of the bunch came Archie. 'Archie,' says Cap. Robson, 'there are chicken feathers about your mouth, and this is not a bumming expedition, nor yet a political picnic. Back you go.'

"Archie looked hurt at that. 'Ain't I a free-born American citizen ez well ez you?' he asked.

"'You are that,' says the captain, 'but while we're putting this business through, the place for you is at the Three Growlers at Kalao, and here's a half dollar to apply there. Now you dwindle.'

"So Archie he dwindled into the haze behind, and we went on. We were skirting the base of the mountains, trying to pick up Pedrillo's men. There wasn't a sign of them except the damage they had done, and there wasn't a pass to be seen. 'Well,' says Cap. Robson, 'I'll keep on going for a while. You, Harris, take a dozen men and double back, and try and find a way through somewhere.'

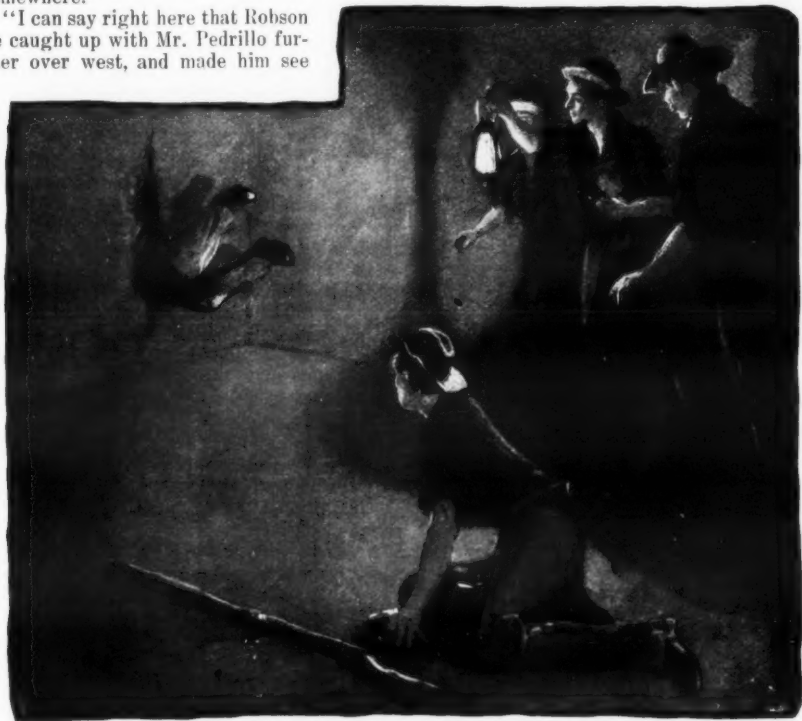
"I can say right here that Robson he caught up with Mr. Pedrillo further over west, and made him see

the error of his ways. But I was one of that dozen that went with Harris, and with him we made thirteen. He wasn't quite the man to lead us.

"We went back, keeping in close to the mountains and watching for everything. 'Hello,' says Johnnie Stebbins after a while, 'see what I found.' It was a piece of white native cloth, fastened to a rock, and on it was a drawing that looked something like a cross. That was a lonesome place where we were, and we couldn't see anything move, but while we stood there we heard among the rocks above a kind of rustling.

"'Somebody's there,' says Harris. 'We'll go and take a look. So up we scrambled among the bushes and rocks, and we saw a kind of a high ravine through the mountain side. It was awful rough going, but when we stopped we heard that noise again, as if somebody was getting away in a hurry. We went on.

"Mebbe we were an hour twisting among



"'They'se another room here,' says Archie. Then he gave a squeal and went tumbling through the hole."

them rocks where sometimes we had to go in single file. By and by we began to get through to the other side, but it was just as bad going until we got to the lower ground. Then all of a sudden the rocks ended and we saw right ahead of us a blooming valley.

"Yes, sir, a blooming valley; you never saw anything so pretty. All around were the high mountains, and there were little waterfalls a-jumping and tumbling down into the low places where lots of flowers grew. We couldn't see a sign of life; not a thing was stirring in the sunshine, and it seemed as though you might hear a whisper go clear across to the rocks on the other side. But there, dead in front of us on the low ground was a town, the kind the natives build.

"'Come along, boys,' says Harris, 'but keep your eyes open.' We went straight down to the town, not noticing anything else. That was where we made a large mistake. It was a good-sized place, and had some big buildings, but never a mark of life. Only the water was dripping from off the roofs that they make out of napa stalks, and there was a kind of a mouldy smell over it all. Things get rotten pretty quick there in the tropics. 'Whoo, but it's lonesome here!' says Harris. 'What's that thing ahead?'

"It was a image, taller'n a man, that stood by itself in a kind of square. It had its head turned and seemed to be rubbering toward the side of the valley with a grin on its big, flat face. Them natives back in the mountains are regular heathen, anyway, and this must have been a god or joss of theirs. The funny thing was that in front of it lay a lot of fresh fruit, bananas and such, and nice flowers. It seemed kinda solemn there, everything being so quiet.

"Then ahead of us we saw a house that looked as if it might be the capital, for it was bigger and better than the rest, but tight shut up. We went toward it with the rifles all ready, and there up on the doorpost was a sheet of paper. 'What in thunder!' Harris says, 'it's a proclamation.' And he read it out to us. It went like this:

"'Go wan away. I defy yer 'n' I wunt giv up. This here is a land of libberty 'n' you can go to blazes! Hurrah fur fredum. Aguinaldo.'

"'Surrender, whoever is inside there,' Harris says, and we all stood and waited. You could have heard a pin fall. After a while inside the house came a kind of shuffle. We looked and there, up in the doorway,

was Archie Sellers, all smiles and with a bottle. 'Peek-a-boo,' says Archie.

"Well, now, to find him there like that made us begin to laugh. You could have heard us all up the valley. We went inside and sprawled down on the floor to take it easy. Archie, sitting in the middle as if he owned it, began to give us that same old song of his. 'What's the matter with this?' he asked. 'Stop here 'n' go no further. After all them cruel scraps 'n' all the runnin' around, why shouldn't yer have a rest?' It seemed he'd found a way into the valley by chance, and got there ahead of us. 'I'm a discoverer,' says he. 'I've got the late Mr. Columbus whipped to a custard.'

"Some wanted to stay there the rest of the day, but Harris thought we ought to go and explore the valley. So we went up it about a mile, and there we found another smaller valley that let into it. That one was closed in all around by steep walls of rock just like a pen, but there we found some of the brown people living in a few huts. They couldn't tell us anything, and seemed scared to death about something. But when we went down to the town again, they followed to see what we would do.

"It was getting dark by that time in the valleys. We went into the big house and camped down comfortable on the floor. Archie had stayed there all the while, but now he got up and went to nosing around. It was one of them big lower rooms where we were, with a wall around it made of bamboo woven together. 'I like this here simplicity,' says Archie. 'Great gosh, ter think of what my country has kum to just through the worship of the Golden Calf! Thinkin' only of gain, given over ter the money changers, puttin' the dollar before the man——' He rapped against the wall and it sounded hollow like. 'They'se another room here,' says Archie, and then he got his fingers in between the rattans and made a hole through with a great ripping noise. 'Gimme a match,' says he.

"He lit it and held it above him, while he stuck his head in. Then he gave a squeal and went tumbling through the hole and flopped down on the floor inside. We got a better light and went in after him, and there we saw a sight. Say, that was where somebody had had his bank. There were big silver nuggets and images, and little ones of gold, and a pile of them big old doubloons from the Dutch Islands. Archie he just lay down and rolled in it, got his paws full of it. Then he sat up and bowed kinda

graceful like. 'Ah, there, Rockafeller,' says he.

" 'Here, you, come out of that,' says Harris, kinda uncertain like.

" 'No,' yells Archie, and he just stuck to the floor. 'I wunt. I'm goin' ter have a yacht 'n' an automobile. Lemme alone, I say. They's enough around here for all of you.'

" 'We looked at each other, and then across at Harris. It might have been a minute. And then big Johnnie Stebbins edged over toward the pile.

" 'Guess I'll have this,' he says, and grabbed for an image, and one after another we weakened and went for the heap. Harris opened his mouth to say something; then smiled sheepish like, and we pushed aside a bigger share for him. Steve Rotson would have laid us out by hand. Never mind talking about it, it didn't last long. We came out pretty soon into the large room, and dumped down our shares of the—the indemnity—at places along the wall. Then we went out of doors and looked at the other houses standing so silent and dark there.

" 'Do you know how it feels to have a high raging fever on you? We said to each other: 'Who knows what those houses hold? Here we've got a free hand, and we may not see another chance like this. And pretty quick we were into another building, and then the next, and somebody had set fire to a roof or two so there was plenty of light all around us in the valley. Them brown folks, what there were of them, stood in a little bunch, with their mouths wide open, and watched us.

" 'Harris, though, by and by, seemed to feel uneasy over something, and he went into the middle of the place to where that big idol was with the light of the fire on its ugly face that kept grinning away. And Harris made a kind of speech, explaining that we had to keep order, and that we'd been attacked first by Pedrillo. There wasn't anybody to listen to him except the god and that little bunch of niggers that couldn't understand him much better. Meanwhile, we were going through the last house, and Archie, who had got a little behind on the thing—through stopping for

drinks—came up and wanted a share, and when we wouldn't agree, he got real mad about it. 'Oh, my, what a scene,' says he, 'of lawless averice and the degeneracy of our onct noble race! So Rome fell!'—and he went back to the big house to sleep it off.



"Then Harris' voice said kinda low and queer: 'Come out here, Billy.'"

" 'We all went in to sleep, only one man that was left outside on guard. Along toward morning I heard a whispering and then Harris' voice said kinda low and queer: 'Come out here, Billy.' I went out and there was Harris and another stooping over the man that had been on guard. He was chopped all to pieces, and hadn't made a sound. Then we went to look at the natives, but they were all coralled up together where we'd left them, and didn't know a thing.

" 'When the men were all out and had breakfast, Harris got us together and spoke. 'Boys,' says he, 'we've had an accident,

and there ain't anything more to be done in this place. So get your packs, and we'll go out as we came in.' He looked toward the side of the valley, and he stopped and began to blink. 'Why, hello,' says he, 'how was it we come in?'

"Easy enough to find the way out, you say. Think so? There before us was a regular muddle of rocks and little streams, and the whole mountain side looked all the same. Back of everything was a high wall of rock, and we'd come over that somewhere, and the worst of it was, from the time we'd caught sight of that cursed town, we hadn't noticed anything else. 'Scatter out and look for the place,' says Harris, and so we did, but we must have been kinda flustered even then. The sun got up higher and higher, and we could see the face of that old god down in the valley that seemed to be grinning away. We thought we could find the road after a while, but all of us were feeling blue somehow. Worst of the lot was Harris himself. He went and sat down by a rock as if he didn't care. 'Oh, never mind,' says I, when I found him, 'we'll get out some time.' 'It ain't that,' he says, and then he sat still for a long time. 'An American officer,' says he, after a while, and he turned his back.

"Up the valley a ways we heard a kind of gentle report, and pretty soon the men shouting to each other. 'They've found the path,' says Harris, and we ran over. They hadn't found that, but beside a rock lay Johnnie R. Stebbins all in a heap, stone dead. No, it wasn't spirits; it was a Mauser bullet. But nobody could tell where it had come from, and in all the valley, with the sun shining down so peaceful, there wasn't a sign of any one a-stirring but ourselves.

"Our nerve began to go. We were there in a trap like mice, and being put to death by people that we couldn't see. It wasn't the little brown folks, for we had them cooped up. 'Make 'em guide us out,' says one, and we tried it, but it didn't work. And then we left two men on guard in front of the big house, while the rest of us went to the upper valley. It was just the same thing, but more so, a high wall all around. We came down to the capital again and found one of our guards dead in front of the door.

"I suppose that if we hadn't been so rattled and a panic on us all, maybe we wouldn't have been so helpless. All through that long day, with the sun shining peaceful and that god a-grinning, we kept making plunges at the side of the valley, and falling back

again, like the mice in a trap. Some thought they could hear voices laughing, but I guess that was a dream. There were no more shots. What was the use? Weren't we safe in the trap? It came on night again, and we all went into the big house, nobody cared to stand guard. The night was as black as your hat and never a sound. Then it got light again, but we didn't feel any better to see the day come back, for we thought it would be our last.

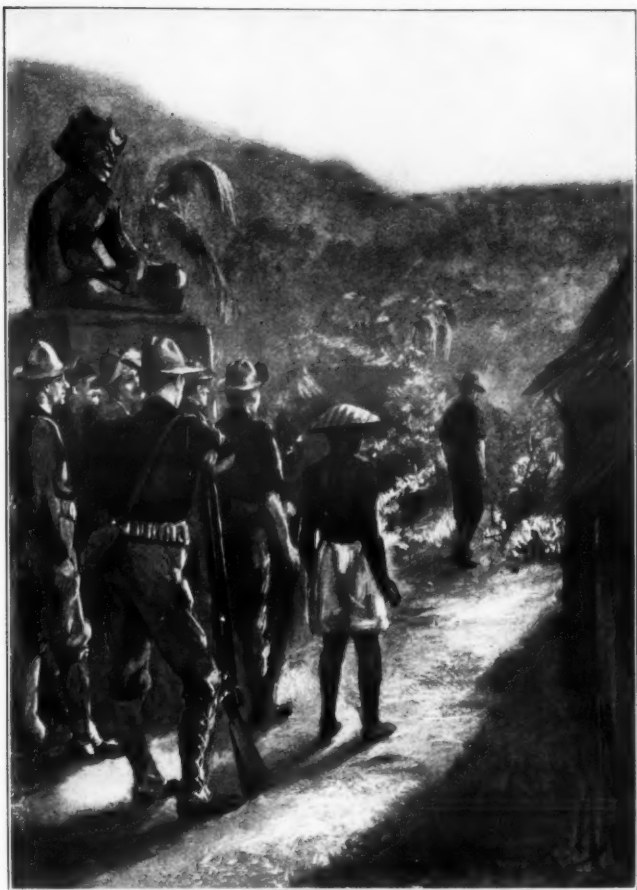
"But Harris spoke to us that morning, and every man took his plunder and we went out and stood in front of the big idol. Harris dumped his share down in front of it. 'Well, there, then!' says he, and one after another we all followed suit. Archie he kicked some, but we made him. You'll say it was just a crawl, but it wasn't that so much. We were kinda ashamed, I guess, to be killed with that stuff on us.

"Then Harris he stood out in the open place, and he had beside him one of them little brown men that he'd found could understand him. 'Tell 'em what I tell you,' he says, and the little man he bawled till you could hear him up and down the valleys: 'Hi, hi, hi; this is the captain, the captain of the band. If anybody is to blame for anything he's the man. So he says that he'll surrender himself if you'll let the others go.' We listened a while, but there wasn't a sight or sound; it was worse than if we had heard them a-laughing in the valleys. Then Harris gave a heave of his shoulders, and went off alone up among the rocks. Pretty soon I went after him, and found him waiting there. 'Bah!' he says, 'they don't want me, and why should they?' He looked around him and back to where the rest of the men were watching us in a little bunch, and behind them still the idol. The idol was staring our way, too, and all of a sudden Harris seemed to have an idea. 'Hello,' says he, thoughtful like, 'we're right in the line of his eyes, and it was here that they dropped poor Johnnie Stebbins.' He turned and walked straightway up the mountain side and looked around him. 'Bring along the men,' he says.

"It was the place sure enough, over and through the rocks, and they didn't try to stop us. We went straight out and asked no questions, and when we looked back one last time there was the valley, just as quiet as ever, and the old idol a-watching us go.

"When Captain Robson heard about it he swore that he'd catch T. Archibald Sellers and put him on a ship and send him home





"Then Harris gave a heave of his shoulders, and went off alone among the rocks."

where he belonged. Said that he was contagious."

"Did he do it?" some one asked.

"No," Billy replied. "Archie was pretty good at dodging, and I guess that he's out there yet. But the queer thing was about Harris. Somehow, he was always a-wanting to go back to have another look at them Inaccessible Valleys. And do you know, I believe that his idea was to show them people

that watched there that he was really different, to square himself with them."

"Did he ever do it?" I inquired.

"No," replied Billy, "he never got the chance. Over there in front of Tientsin was where he stopped his bullet. Them were the Inaccessible Valleys for him, you see. But you ask anybody that's been out there in the East whether he ever heard of them."



"Oh," said Malviny, with a long breath, "will Heaven be as good as that, ma?"

## HOW FILOMENY WENT TO THE CIRCUS

By CHARLOTTE M. HOLLOWAY

FILOMENY slipped out of bed with a backward and half resentful look at the sleeping form of her husband. She hastily donned her narrow-skirted, narrow-chested work-dress, shook out her thin wisp of hair with an impatient movement and jabbed the pins into it as if it had been a personal enemy. Then with another look at the placid snorer, she ran down the steep stairs into the kitchen, flung open the entry door and stood for a moment in the dewy, fresh beauty of the summer dawn.

June had just come in a perfect riot of beauty. The air was laden with the warmth of glowing fragrance and the soft pink light just creeping over the east gave a touch of fairy-like beauty to the rich green of the grass, studded with thousands of white-fringed, golden-hearted daisies, and there was that delicious warmth in the air that took off the chill of dawn and promised a tropical glow of heat all day. Filomeny stood for a full moment, with a vague sense of something soothing in the peaceful calm. Then her eyes fell on the track of bare feet that had hastily run over the neatly-leveled brown earth at the side of the ell. A tender light transformed her thin, careworn face into beauty and softened her whole person. She seemed suddenly to have flung off the sordidness that surrounded her.

"Anyhow," she said, aloud, "they've gone off to see the animiles before he thought to forbid them. I've got to get them tracks

outen that patch, though, or he will give 'em such a jawing."

She hurried around the corner, got a rake and with patient care managed to obliterate all trace of the eager careless feet. Then she stood a minute more, leaning on the rake handle and looking toward the town, whose spires she saw piercing the thick green of the trees.

"I do hope they got there in time to see them unload. 'Twould be a dreadful disappointment."

She put the rake into its place and turned to the well and raised a bucketful of water. She drank a deep draught, and pouring the rest into the big tin basin vigorously scoured her face, then rubbed it dry on a crash towel as if her object was to get off all the skin.

Such a spotless kitchen as she stepped into. The floor was bare and white as snow, and the big stove shone like polished ebony. Filomeny went about the task of lighting the fire, frying the bacon and making the hot biscuits with an abstracted air. She was far off in her old home, a child, like those two that had risen at dark and stolen off to the town to see the incoming of the circus. She remembered how she had lain awake as they had and counted the slow minutes till it was time to go. She recalled the awe and pleasure of that momentous day. There had never been another treat like that.

She was mechanically putting the dishes

on the table when a heavy step made the stairs creak, and her husband came into the room. He looked at the table and sniffed.

"Can't you git somethin' besides biskits, biskits all the time?"

"I didn't have no time to set dough, John. You know there was all that butter to git ready for the market."

"Um," he grumbled, as he stalked out to wash, "you git up airy enough to have lots more'n you do did."

Filomeny set her thin lips tight. She had conquered her disposition to answer back. Presently he came in and dropped with a heavy thud into his chair. But as Filomeny sat opposite him and he noticed there were only the two plates, he inquired, quickly:

"Where's them children? Ain't they up yit? I never see such children for layin' abed late."

Filomeny was only a woman and she had been led into the temptation.

"Law, it's no wonder. You hadn't orter to say anythin' seein' where they come by it. But they are up, they've been for hours."

She steadied her voice. "Do you want fat 'n lean, John? They've gone off to see the circus come in."

John nearly let the loaded plate drop. He glared at her from under his shaggy eyes.

"Didn't you know I don't want my children goin' to any such foolishness? It's all your fault, a settin' there a talkin' to them, last night, tellin' foolish stories of when you went to the circus."

"They're my children, John. They've never had any play, and I want them to have things to remember, the way I had."

"The way you had. Much good it does you. Who's goin' to hoe that corn if Joey is gone,

and there's the weeds that Malviny could pull up afore the sun got too high."

"Let Sam and Bill do it."

"Huh! Think I pay two hired men to do what children can do? Besides, Sam and Bill won't come to-day, they're goin' to take all the folks to the circus."

"And you wouldn't take your wife and children?" said Filomeny, a red spot beginning to burn on her thin cheeks. "You know how hard I work, John, and how good they are. Sam and Bill don't do as much as we do, and you dassen't grumble at them."

"'Cause I hire them. I can't control 'em from spending their money foolish."

They ate in silence. His hearty breakfast mollified him. He arose and cast a softer look at his wife.

"I ain't complain'n' that you don't do,

Filomeny," he said; "there ain't no one in the county can come up to you for forehandedness and makin' of butter, but you're kinder romantic-like, you always was, and you put wasteful ideas into the children's heads. Never mind, though, we shan't say no more about it. I guess there ain't no use in my goin' out without the men. I guess I'll harness up and go and look at them cows of Bill Burrowses. Mebbe I'll go to town and put that money into the bank. Oh, I say, Filomeny, I'll take the eggs over, too. That'll bring a couple of dollars more."

Filomeny arose and deliberately piled the dishes one over the other. She did not look at him as she answered:

"I've laid out my work for to-day, and I can't stop to look over them eggs and pick out the small ones for us, and I ain't goin' to send them with any one's pickin'. I don't intend that Mr. John-



"Then she stood a minute more, leaning on the rake handle and looking toward the town."

son will ever have fault to find with my eggs."

John laughed appreciatively.

"Guess you're right, Filomeny, guess you're right. You are a mighty good business woman. It's that lookin' after things that makes 'em all wild to get our things."

He went slowly out, and by and by Filomeny saw him drive out of the garden. She was at the well, filling the big tub that stood under the spout, and he smiled and nodded a careless good-by. She stood erect and watched him out of sight, with a full appreciation of his sturdy comeliness.

"Ef he wasn't so near and so careless 'bout me and the children what a husband John would be!"

She sat on the well curb, the glory of the day pouring into her starved and thirsty soul, its dewy sweetness bringing back a resistless tide of memories. Suddenly she sprang up and ran into the house, her eyes sparkling, her lips and cheeks glowing. She was like a woman frantic to act before prudence should overtake her. She darted into the pantry and pulled from under the bin a heavy burden. It was a great hamper full of eggs. She looked at them.

"There they are, all picked, twelve dozen of 'em. They ought to! They ought to!"

She went upstairs, and with light, eager steps flitted about her room. Soon she came down. Her hat was an old sailor that had been liberally treated to shoe blacking, yet some of its rustiness would defy veneer. Her neat calico gown was radiant in brightness and well fitting. She seemed ten years younger. She cast a quick look about the kitchen.

"It'll have to do," she murmured, "I don't believe I've more'n time."

She filled a basket with a substantial lunch, recklessly putting in a great piece of cold ham, eggs, cake and a tumbler of jelly.

Then she ran like a girl out into the road and up a narrow lane to the right till she came to a small house. She gave a sigh of relief as she saw people moving about. She composed herself and entered the kitchen.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Bartlett," she said, quietly. "John says you are all goin' to the circus. John had to go off early on business, and he's took the wagon, of course. I jest came to ask if you'd jest as lief get me Uncle Silas Davis', Sam," turning to that worthy, who was surrounded by his admiring infant prodigy and busy in putting up a lunch that would have done for a Brobdignagian.

Mrs. Bartlett was a round, rosy woman, like a winter apple. She looked keenly at Filomeny. It is given to woman to understand much.

"'Course he will," she said, promptly, "go right this minet, Sam, and be shore to put in the extry board for a second seat and a lot of straw on the bottom."

Sam rose up promptly with a friendly smile to Filomeny, and Mrs. Bartlett said:

"'Course you could come with us as like's not and welcome, Mis' Morgan, but I know a teethin' baby is drefful tiresome."

"How many's he got?" asked Filomeny, and the conversation dwelt on the subjects ever dear to mothers till Sam's cheery voice cried:

"Whoa! Git in, Mis' Morgan, and I'll drive you right to the house."

"Thank you, Sam," she said, "I won't trouble you. Good-by, Mis' Bartlett, you ain't been at all neighborly. Come and see me."

As she drove off, Sam turned to his wife and gave a long whistle.

"Where do you think she's goin'?"

"I don't know."

"Well, ef she had a cent, I'd know, but I guess not."

Mrs. Bartlett smiled inscrutably as she tied a blue ribbon on a wisp of a flaxen braid on the third youngest's round head.

Meanwhile Filomeny had reached her own door. She halted the leisurely old horse, gave him a handful of grass, and with great labor and the aid of a chair managed to get her hamper in. Then she put in the lunch basket, and locking the door, put the key under the mat and drove off.

"The hens ain't had their breakfast," she thought, remorsefully, "but they can scratch for it. Mebbe it would be better if some folk had to."

She laughed out loud.

She was full of excitement. Her heart was singing within her, and presently the song found its way from her lips. It was this which caused two weary but intensely happy little persons, trudging along the road, hand in hand, with eyes large with the visions they had seen, to pause and look at the approaching wagon and its driver with a recognition that was puzzled.

Filomeny bent down as she pulled up the old nag.

"Children," she cried gayly, "get in! It's me. Don't you know me? We are all going to the circus!"

They clambered in and lavished on her all



"How many, madam? That child is over half price."

the wealth of affection never permitted to be expended on any other object.

"But, ma," said the elder, Joey, whose ten years had given him wisdom, "where's pa? How did he let you go?"

"Hush!" said Filomeny, "we are goin'. Tell me about the animiles."

"Oh, ma!" chorused both, "they are just the same animiles you seen."

Then followed a glowing account, interrupted only when she pressed food upon them and they drew up before the grocery where she disposed of her produce.

The grocer, a fat, good-natured man, ambled leisurely forward, his face all smiles for the children.

"Goin' to bring 'em to the circus, Mis' Morgan?" he inquired. "That's right. Glad you come when you did, for I was just goin' to shut up shop. No more business doin' while the circus is showin'. I c'lculated to go up and take the children early. It's mighty improvin' and educatin', to the mind of children"—he coughed discreetly—"to take 'em around the grounds afore the show begins and let 'em see all that's to be seen. There's as much fun in lookin' at the human beings as at the animiles."

"That's so," said Filomeny briefly.

She was in no mood for talk. Her great fear was lest her husband should come along and in some way balk them of their pleasure. But she set her teeth hard. He could not do it. She bargained with the grocer carefully and accepting his invitation to turn her horse loose in his big pasture lot, she drove up to his house, Joey and Malviny, silently absorbing the pleasure of the crowded streets and the stick of peppermint candy that Mr. Lyons had given to each at the close of their mother's trade.

Filomeny carefully unharnessed the horse, gave him some water and turned him loose. Leaving the wagon in the field, she took the lunch basket and, holding tightly to a sticky hand of Joey and Malviny, started for the circus grounds.

It was a long and hot road, but none of them minded that, for it was filled with a throng of pilgrims joyously journeying to the same great Mecca. Shining-eyed boys and girls turned faces glowing with heat and vigorous maternal and matutinal ablution toward one another in the happy free-masonry of childhood, and the fathers and mothers unbent and let the care of years slip from their shoulders, and every step nearer to the grounds was a step nearer to fuller enjoyment and forgetfulness of the

burden of life. And Filomeny felt the excitement coursing through her veins, her eye brightened, her face flushed, and again she stood on the borderland of childhood. It was only when they came in sight of the great tents so much larger than anything she had seen, and of the multitude of people stirred by the blood-quickenings strains of a really good band, that she came to herself.

Yes, yes, it was glorious, but it cost so much money. They were near the ticket seller now. A long line pressed in front, and there were many pressing them closer as they stepped into the queue. It was against her training to throw away money on pleasure; and the long life of submission and saving fought with longing and mother love. The heart conquered.

"I'm glad I got it, I'm glad I got it!" she kept saying to herself, over and over, as she was steadily forced a step forward. She looked about her at the vendors of candy and popcorn and peanuts and lemonade. They should have some of everything. If the children never had a good time again, this was goin' to be happy. At last she stood before the ticket seller.

"How many, madam? That child is over half price."

"Three," said Filomeny. "No, he isn't," sharply, "he's large, but he is only ten."

"Reserved seats?"

"Yes, and the best you got."

She passed her crisp bill over to him without a tremor, and took the little bits of pasteboard fiercely. It meant that they were to have a whole afternoon, a whole afternoon, doing nothing but enjoying themselves. She almost dragged them toward the entrance till Malviny said:

"Why, ma, don't you remember that Mr. Lyons said he liked to stay outside and look at the human animiles?"

"Yes, yes," said Filomeny, "we will."

But she did not spend more than ten minutes before a panic seized her. Suppose John Morgan were to be there and should see them?

"No," she said, firmly, "he can't stop us, he can't stop us, I've the tickets."

But she hurried them inside, and they followed about in the wake of others along the uneven, trodden grass, stopping before the cages, experiencing a delicious thrill of terror with swift animation of safety as they watched the fierce caged creatures.

"Ma," said Malviny, suddenly, "let's go and sit down. I'm real sorry for these



poor things. You see, they can't get out and I'm sorry to be standin' outside lookin' at them."

Filomeny looked at her thoughtfully. She knew the feeling, and with pity for the animals, she went on and nearly as impatient as the children themselves she sat down on one of the low seats near the ring. But a

a rapture scarcely more breathless than her own.

"Oh," said Malviny, with a long breath, "will Heaven be as good as that, ma?"

Joey said nothing. But his hold on his mother's hand closed tighter. Then he cried:

"Now! now! Look, they're comin', they're comin'. Oh-h-h."



"As he pulled out a roll of bills, it was her long, strong fingers that snatched them from his hand."

quick-eyed usher tapped her and told her she could go to better seats, and she followed him till they were perched high up, commanding a view of the whole tent.

How vast it was, what a sea of eyes! She gasped. She had never thought to look upon so many. And they were all looking at her and wondering because she was there. Well, let them look. They should never know that John Morgan himself had not sent them.

They looked down upon the ground. There were three great rings. By the utmost endeavor they could only hope to see what was going on in the one opposite them.

There seemed no end to the stream of people coming in. Filomeny beckoned the boy and bought peanuts and popcorn. She munched at them happily herself. Then there was a great blare of music from the band, and into the arena came the most gorgeous cavalcade they had ever seen, and the two little ones dropped their peanuts and clutched her close as they watched it in

It was one succession of gorgeous sights, of witty speeches, of great achievements. Filomeny heard some one laugh out more heartily, even, than Joey at one of the clown's jokes, and she stopped with a sudden conviction that it was herself. Oh, what a golden afternoon! What a store of happiness—no matter how dearly they paid for it in the future. She shook her shoulders impatiently and bade Care begone.

At last it was over. They had listened to the voice of an eloquent descant on the charms of the sacred concert, and Filomeny had passed over thirty cents more of her money, and they had sat and eagerly drunk in the performance of the wretched humbugs. But it was all good to them, every moment that brought the end nearer was to be prolonged as artfully as possible. It was no use, though, they had to go.

The sun was well toward the end of his journey when, after a last long look at the "animiles," they went out the canvas door

opening and mingled with the throng in the grounds. Many were surrounding the small stands they had barely noticed on their inward journey. Now, as she waited for the throng to thin Filomeny cast her eye casually in the direction of the nearest stand. Then her heart gave a great bound, for there stood her husband. His head was stretched forward as was his wont in times of excitement, and he seemed intent on the turning of the wheel which she saw. An oily-tongued man was talking glibly, and closing in on John Morgan were two fellows whose very look was warning to Filomeny.

She caught a hand of each and literally dragged Joey and Malviny toward the group. She came up silently, and the children after one look at her face said nothing.

"Now," said the stranger presiding over the wheel, "this illustrates the mutableness of fortune. Here is our friend been winnin' and winnin', and now he loses. But that is only one turn. Take another chance. Nothing venture, nothing have. Faint heart never won fair lady."

"That's so," said John Morgan, nervously, fingering in his vest. "I guess I'll venture till I get back what I have lost. But I've spent all my loose cash——"

One of the men behind him laughed sneeringly, while pressing closer.

"That's what they all say, my friend," he remarked. "I want to have a chance myself, and I guess I won't wait for you. I guess you haven't more than thirty cents with you, anyway."

John Morgan turned toward him.

"You'll wait till I'm through," he declared, loudly. "Why, you whipper-snapper, I could buy and sell you! Ain't got more than thirty cents, hey? What do you say to that?"

He plunged his hand into his inside vest pocket and Filomeny loosed her hold on the children's hands and crept nearer. As he pulled out a roll of bills it was her long, strong fingers that snatched them from his hand. The two men wheeled on her with an oath. John Morgan was the last to turn around, and when he saw her he simply gasped.

"Here, you——" began one of the men, loudly, but Filomeny coolly thrust the bills into her bosom as she said:

"Don't you dare to call me out of my

name. I'm his wife!" She turned to John Morgan.

"John," she said, "I've been to the circus myself. I didn't think it would have such an excitin' end. Take up that basket and go to Lyons' pasture for my horse and wagon. I guess you'll have to find some one to drive home yourn. I'll walk on with the children."

She broke through the crowd that had gathered and walked off. John Morgan stood stock still for a moment, then he scowled at the unmoved owner of the fortune's wheel and plunged after his wife and children.

Filomeny and the two children were waiting at the end of the street leading to their home road when he drove up with the outfit she had borrowed. His face was grave, and he looked at her furtively as she stowed away the children in the back and climbed in by his side. Filomeny said nothing. Her face was tranquil and very composed, but he observed that her lips pressed each other tightly. Thus they drove on through the soft warmth of the sinking sun, the flickering green shades forming a pleasant relief to eye and body.

At last John Morgan spoke, timidly:

"Filomeny, is them bills all safe?"

"Yes, John," she said, briefly, "and they'll be safer to-morrow. I'm going to take care of them in the future."

"See here, Filomeny," he began, not with his usual blatant aggression, but with an evident wish for pardon, "I know I've been a dum fool, but I——"

"That'll do, John," she said, tranquilly, turning on him the eyes of the Filomeny of her youth, "we ain't goin' to have any explanations. Some things explain themselves. Let bygones be bygones, but we are going to turn over a new leaf. Hereafter it's not goin' to be John Morgan and his belongings, nor Filomeny Morgan and her belongings, but John Morgan and his wife and children."

She turned about and looked into the back of the wagon.

"Dear, dear children," she said, fondly, "I hope you won't get a crick in your neck, asleep that way. Do drive faster, John, they ain't had a mite of sleep since two o'clock this mornin'."

John Morgan shook the reins and the old horse broke into a quicker gait.



*Photo by H. H. Knowles.*

Cyclone at Kingsley, Iowa. Photograph Taken at 8:20 P. M.

## THE CYCLONE

BY EARL W. MAYO

BACK in the early summer of 1893 two men were sitting on one claim in western Oklahoma. They had been sitting there for some months—in fact, ever since the opening of that particular part of the territory. In the rush that had attended the opening one man had staked out the section. The other had been first at the land office and filed a claim to the same piece of land before attempting to occupy it. Thus arose a controversy such as was matched by hundreds of others in different parts of the territory.

The two men had entrenched themselves and watched each other with shotguns in their hands for the first few days. Then one hoisted a flag of truce and proposed a temporary compromise. The terms of this compromise were that a line was to be drawn across the quarter section, and that each was to keep to his respective side of the line. Each was to build himself a temporary shack and put in crops with the understanding that both crops and shacks should revert to the legal owner of the section when the case came to be decided by the processes of the slow-going courts of law. The fact that each permitted the other to do this was not to prejudice the case of either when it finally

came up in court, and it was understood that if either one ventured over the dividing line the other was at liberty to have recourse to the shotgun.

Thus the matter stood for some months, and each man kept a sharp eye on the shack of his neighbor and left his loaded shotgun within easy reach. Then one day when the sun beat down with a scalding heat that made ploughing impossible, a strong wind blew up—a wind that seemed to blow out of the very mouth of Inferno.

Great masses of clouds, swiftly shifting and changing hue, now black, now purple, now greenish-yellow, rolled up in the southwest. The farmers that had come from Kansas and Missouri retired to their cellars, if they possessed such luxuries, and the tenderfeet got out their cameras and prepared to photograph the wonderful cloud effects. The clouds shut out the sun, and there arose a subdued murmur that developed first into a tremulous buzzing and then into a sullen roar.

Then out of the dark cloud masses came a wonderful pillar, a dusty gray column that looked like the lower end of a gigantic balloon. The column was indistinct at first, but it advanced across the prairies with the

speed of an express train, and as it came nearer and nearer the buzzing sound increased to a roar that was like a hundred Niagaras.

Smith, the man who occupied one side of the dead line on the disputed quarter section, was from Northern Missouri. When he saw the shape of the yellow balloon tail he

was heard falling on the trapdoor. After fifteen minutes of suspense Smith cautiously raised the door and peered out. The rain had slackened and the sun was shining.

Smith looked about him. There stood his shack uninjured. His cotton and corn had suffered only in the loss of a few leaves. Then he looked over beyond the dead line

and gave a great shout. Jones had disappeared; so had his shack; so had his wagons and tools, and the shed where he had kept his team.

There was a broad, smooth track across the prairie where these had stood—a track from which the grass was gone, and which looked as though an army of Kansas grasshoppers had passed over it.

Some men would have sat down to think over such a remarkable occurrence, but Smith did not. He hurried out his mules, hitched up his plough and ran a furrow around the whole claim, while his wife stood guard with the

gun to await Jones' return. Smith was going to establish his claim to that quarter section then and there, but he might have spared his haste, for Jones did not



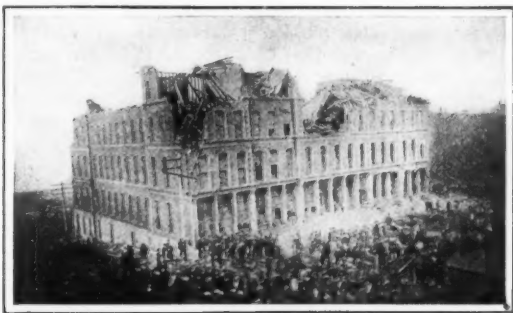
Stetford photo.  
County Court House at Kansas City Before the Cyclone of May  
1886

called to his wife and they made a run for a little hole he had dug in his front yard. They let themselves in and closed the trapdoor that covered it, and then both lay low waiting for the shock they knew was coming.

Jones, on the other side of the line, saw these maneuvers, but being from Eastern Tennessee, he thought only that his neighbor might be intending to reopen hostilities, and so he took down his shotgun and sat in his shack, with his aiming eye and his trigger cocked toward the dead line.

The roaring that came from the approaching column increased in intensity; the earth trembled; the air sang with a hissing noise. Suddenly day was blotted out and Hades was let loose. Smith and his wife could neither see nor think, but they instinctively tried to hold on to the very earth beneath them, which seemed to be hurled up into the air and whirled about like a scrap of paper.

In a few minutes the roaring sound began to lessen, the reeling earth became still again, and the swift patter of pouring rain



After the Cyclone.

reappear, and nothing was heard of him for several weeks. Then Smith received a letter dated from a town forty miles away in an adjoining county. The letter read:

"DEAR SIR,

I write to let you know that you can have that — farm all to yourself, for I will never come back to that — country or make any fight in the court. When the cyclone came along that day I felt as though I was

flying up and apart, like a bag of feathers, and that was the last I knew until I came to about six miles from here with part of my own front porch heaped on top of me. A fellow came along and dug me out, and I found I had nothing broken except one rib. I found one of my mules close by, still tied to the scantling to which he had been hitched, and the other one I heard of the next day about three miles away. They weren't hurt, so I have my team and myself, and there is a claim here whose owner was blown away and hasn't been heard of, so I have taken that. I'll stay here unless another cyclone comes along. Then you may hear from me in Arkansas, or back in Tennessee.

Hoping you are still there,

Respectfully,

A. JONES."

This is a cyclone story that can be verified, for Smith filed the letter with the court in establishing his title to the quarter section. For that reason the story is worth repeating, but of course, it is not one that would attract much attention out in the cyclone country except that it is the only case on record where the storm usurped the functions of judge and jury.

The true Western cyclone, the kind that is known out in Kansas as a rip-snorter, is like the army mule in that while its general characteristics have become known as the result of long observation, its individual

course of conduct in any particular case cannot be foretold. Its attacks never occur twice in exactly similar form, and it carries out the contention of the handwriting experts in that it never writes its signature on the landscape in exact duplicate. A cyclone can do more inconsistent things within a few minutes than a woman, and can cause more unpleasant complications than a village gossip. It is amenable to no laws of conduct and knows no code of ethics.

To begin its record for unreasonableness at the very beginning, the cyclone is not a cyclone at all, but a tornado. At least that is what the meteorological sharps tell us, although it would be difficult to make a resident of the Southwest believe that a cyclone can be anything except itself. But science is inexorable. It says, speaking through the distinguished person of the head of our weather bureau:

"A cyclone is a horizontally revolving disk of air covering a great extent of territory, sometimes extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, with air currents flowing from all directions spirally toward the center. A tornado is a revolving mass of air



Moore photo.

A Piano That Was Carried a Thousand Yards in a Missouri Cyclone.

from 500 to 1,000 yards in diameter, and is an incident of the cyclone, usually occurring at its southeast quadrant. The cyclone may cause moderate or high winds through a vast extent of territory; the tornado with almost immeasurable rotary motion leaves a trail of distinction over an area infinitesimal in comparison with the area of a cyclone."

Here is another conspiracy to belittle the West at the expense of the East. The tornado an incident of the cyclone, forsooth!



Cyclone at Lawrence, Mass.

The house in the left centre was turned completely over and left with the roof in the cellar.

The idea of treating it as a sort of side show to the main circus! The tornado may have only one ring and no elephant, but it comprises more "unparalleled, unapproachable and impossible feats" than even the poster man ever dreamed of. So there is a poetic justice in the fact that the name which science applies to the more extensive storm has come in popular parlance to designate the one that is really the more destructive. The tornado will never be generally known in this country as anything but a cyclone, and neither title can ever make it popular.

Professor Moore says further: "The tornado is the most violent of storms. It is characterized by a pendant, funnel-shaped cloud and a violent rotary motion in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock, together with a violent updraft in the center."

That is what causes the whole trouble—the violent rotary motion and the updraft in the center. No sane man enjoys being snatched up for a hundred feet or so in the air and being whirled about in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock, especially when his vicinity is full of trees, houses and farm animals moving at different rates of speed. Therefore, every well regulated family in the tornado-producing region is provided with a cyclone cellar—a big hole in the ground sodded over on top and entered by a narrow, heavy trap door, or in some cases with an entrance pointing in the

direction in which the storm usually travels—northeast—and left open. The cyclone ordinarily will respect such a refuge, although it does not do so always, and stories are told in the Southwest of cases where it has carried away the cellar itself, leaving nothing but the hole behind.

No man can tell whence a cyclone comes or whither it goes. It makes its appearance at most unexpected times and places, demolishes everything along a track from twenty to one hundred rods wide and from half a mile to 150 miles long and then disappears into the air. The weather bureau which tells us of approaching rains, floods or hurricanes with surprising accuracy cannot announce that to-morrow a tornado will wipe out the village of Stormsville, Texas, although Stormsville would be very grateful if it could

have such timely warning. The best that Old Probabilities can do is to announce the prevalence of cyclonic conditions over certain parts of the country, which means that a tornado may pay a visit to any one of a thousand towns within that district—or it may not.

As to just what constitutes cyclonic conditions opinion seems to be almost as hazy as that brand of weather itself. The information is given that "the principal condition precedent is an unstable state of the atmosphere." Therefore, bear in mind the importance of a stable atmosphere in selecting your home. Practical experience adds that a tornado usually occurs on a day of stifling heat, during which sudden chill winds blow up for a moment now and then. Dense clouds roll up and pass across the sky, intermittently obscuring the scalding sun. The wind either blows in gusts or subsides into an oppressive calm.

The tornado itself generally happens along about the time of afternoon teas, and if at such a time the cyclone veteran hears a distant roaring sound and sees the pendant, funnel-like cloud approaching he hunts his hole—that is to say, his cyclone cellar—and lies low until the blow is over. He might escape uninjured if he remained in the open, but nobody can tell exactly what a cyclone will do, and in its vicinity discretion is the better part of valor. That funnel-



shaped cloud may pretend that it is going to pass by a man some three or four hundred yards away and then, when opposite him, may give its tail a vicious twist and pick him up before he realizes its intentions. One may stand close beside the track of a tornado in comparative safety, but if the storm marks any structure for its own that building, however solidly made, is doomed. A storm that struck the town of St. Charles, Illinois, in 1895 cost four lives, although it wrecked only one building. That was a stone mill, the most substantial structure in the town. The place was mostly of wood construction, but the storm passed all these comparatively flimsy structures without injury and picked out a special victim. Another tornado, reported from Alabama, wrecked a brick schoolhouse, the principal building in the place, inflicting not the slightest injury to anything else.

The shapes and forms that tornadoes assume when they start out on their journeys of destruction are as various as the kinds of damage they inflict. The most common form is the one already referred to—a funnel with its lower point close to the surface and

spreading out above to a vast extent. Many cases have been reported, however, where the business end of the tornado appeared to be detached from the cloud masses and to be a cylinder of equal size for its entire height. In color they vary from dense black through purple, yellow and gray to white, steam-like columns.

A tornado that was remarkable both in appearance and in action was one that traveled from Texas across Oklahoma and Indian Territory in May, 1896. A man in Sherman, Oklahoma, who had exceptional opportunities for observing the storm, irasmuch as he was caught up in it and carried several hundred yards before descending to earth again, is certain that it was not funnel-shaped. He says of it: "It looked to me like a great ball of vapor rolling over and over toward me. When I first saw it distinctly it was at a hill perhaps an eighth of a mile away. It seemed to be about 250 yards wide and one hundred feet high. The motion was that of a ball rolling over and over, not spiral, and it came on rather slowly, perhaps thirty miles an hour. Whatever the ball of cloud struck was lifted



After a Missouri Cyclone.

right off the ground. I saw it pick up house after house between the hill and me, and the cloud seemed to be full of flying boards and timbers. When the ball reached Mrs. C.'s, the house nearest me, it went straight up off its foundations. The house remained intact, until it was about twenty or twenty-five feet from the ground; then it burst

only at intervals, reaching down and drawing up "like an elephant's trunk." Wherever the tips of the trunks touched the ground buildings, trees, whatever occupied the spot, disappeared as if by magic, while others a few feet away were uninjured.

In a tornado that passed over Topeka, Kansas, in 1897, the funnel did not touch



Cyclone at Lawrence, Mass., July 26, 1890.

open, and the fragments flew in all directions. It looked like an exploding bomb. The corn and cotton standing a hundred feet on either side of the storm's path were uninjured, but whenever the cloud struck the higher ground it spread out, covering a wider strip of the surface. When the cloud struck me I went up lightly and easily, and the sensation was not unpleasant, but I came down hard and was badly shaken up, although not seriously injured. On the highway, north of Sherman, fence wires were torn from the posts and pounded into the hard surface of the road a distance of two or three inches."

The vagaries of conduct in which a tornado will indulge are inexplicable on any basis of logical reasoning. The cloud tip that does all the mischief conducts itself in the most eccentric fashion. In a tornado that occurred in Pawnee County, Kansas, nine funnels were in sight from one point at one time, moving in three different directions. According to the description of one eyewitness these funnels touched the ground

the ground at any point. The funnel was about forty feet wide, and although its whirling motion was plainly visible no wind could be felt a few rods away from it. The cloud tip took off the roofs of houses, removed chimneys and demolished smokestacks, but did no damage on the ground itself. A Michigan tornado a year earlier marked the southern border of its path by stripping off the leaves, bark and twigs of a large grove of small trees as cleanly as though the job had been done carefully by the hand of man. The bare trunks were left standing upright. In a few places the exact border of the storm was marked by the fact that the bark was gone from one side of trees while intact on the other side.

In describing a tornado which wiped out the town of Chandler, Oklahoma, in 1897, a resident of the place mentions the fact that in one place he found a tree turned up by the roots lying with its top toward the West. Across that was one with its top toward the north, and across these two was one with the top pointing toward the east,

while a few feet away lay one with the top toward the south.

No storm but a tornado could blow in four different directions at one spot and at the same time. As this storm progressed it sent out shoots that traveled each for a short distance, ripping up everything in their track and then disappearing. These branches did not detract from the violence of the main storm, which kept straight on, passing through the town, which was about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, wiping it clean of buildings, with the exception of half-a-dozen on the outskirts of the place.

One of the most violent tornadoes of recent years was the one that demolished the town of Kirkville, Missouri, in April, 1899. As described by an eyewitness the storm appeared in the form of a heavy lowering cloud below which, seeming to rest its lower point upon the ground, was a whirling mass of what looked like a mixture of steam, dust and smoke. The roar of the storm was like that of an express train crossing a bridge at

into the air at a rate which the eye could scarcely follow. As in the Sherman tornado the houses were lifted bodily from their foundations and carried straight up for fifty or one hundred feet in the air, where they seemed to explode, flying into thousands of fragments. The storm passed in a few moments and was followed by a deluge of rain and a howling gale.

In several places the beams of buildings had been driven for many feet into the ground. Heavy foundation stones were imbedded in the trunks of trees. Three persons, a Miss Moorehouse, a Mrs. Webster, and the latter's son, had been lifted into the air, carried a quarter of a mile and let down to the ground with scarcely an injury. A tin roof blown from one of the wrecked houses was found wrapped about the stump of a fallen tree so tightly that it was almost impossible to dislodge it. Wells, forty and fifty feet in depth, were sucked dry, and scores of other occurrences equally remarkable were noted.



Cyclone at Lawrence, Mass., July 26, 1890.

a tremendous rate of speed, the earth trembling beneath its shock.

When the advancing cloud was close at hand the whirling column at its base seemed to tear loose and hurl itself upon the town. In an instant the air was filled with a mixture of flying *débris* of every kind. Dogs and horses, men, women and children, fences, trees and whole houses went flying

A phase of the tornado's record is the list of lives and property destroyed. During eight years of the past decade the property loss from this cause amounted to nearly \$30,000,000, distributed over some thirty states of the Union, and during the same time between two and three thousand people have been killed by these atmospheric outbursts.

# NIGGER JEFF

BY THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie."

THE city editor was waiting for his good reporter, Eugene Davies. He had cut an item from one of the afternoon papers and laid it aside to give to Mr. Davies. Presently the reporter appeared.

It was one o'clock of a sunny, spring afternoon. Davies wore a new spring suit, a new hat and new shoes. In the lapel of his coat was a small bunch of violets. He was feeling exceedingly well and good-natured. The world seemed worth singing about.

"Read that, Davies," said the city editor, handing him the clipping. "I'll tell you what I want you to do afterward."

The reporter stood by the editorial chair and read:

"Pleasant Valley, Mo., April 16.

"A most dastardly crime has just been reported here. Jeff Ingalls, a negro, this morning assaulted Ada Whittier, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Morgan Whittier, a well-to-do farmer, whose home is four miles south of this place. A posse, headed by Sheriff Mathews, has started in pursuit. If he is caught, it is thought he will be lynched."

The reporter raised his eyes as he finished.

"You had better go out there, Davies," said the city editor. "It looks as if something might come of that. A lynching up here would be a big thing."

Davies smiled. He was always pleased to be sent out of town. It was a mark of appreciation. The city editor never sent any of the other boys on these big stories. What a nice ride he would have.

He found Pleasant Valley to be a small town, nestling between green slopes of low hills, with one small business corner and a rambling array of lanes. One or two merchants of St. Louis lived out here, but otherwise it was exceedingly rural. He took note of the whiteness of the little houses, the shimmering beauty of the little creek you had to cross in going from the depot. At the one main corner a few men were gathered about a typical village barroom. Davies headed for this as being the most apparent source of information.

In mingling with the company, he said nothing about his errand. He was very shy

about mentioning that he was a newspaper man.

The whole company was craving excitement and wanted to see something come of the matter. They hadn't had such a chance to work up wrath and satisfy their animal propensities in years. It was a fine opportunity and such a righteous one.

He went away thinking that he had best find out for himself how the girl was. Accordingly he sought the old man that kept a stable in the village and procured a horse. No carriage was to be had. Davies was not an excellent rider, but he made a shift of it. The farm was not so very far away, and before long he knocked at the front door of the house, set back a hundred feet from the rough country road.

"I'm from the *Republic*," he said, with dignity. His position took very well with farmers. "How is Miss Whittier?"

"She's doing very well," said a tall, raw-boned woman. "Wor't you come in? She's rather feverish, but the doctor says she'll be all right."

Davies acknowledged the invitation by entering. He was anxious to see the girl, but she was sleeping, and under the influence of an opiate.

"When did this happen?" he asked.

"About eight o'clock this morning," said the woman. "She started off to go over to our next neighbor here, Mr. Edmonds, and this negro met her. I didn't know anything about it until she came crying through the gate and dropped down in here."

"Were you the first one to meet her?" asked Davies.

"Yes, I was the only one," said Mrs. Whittier. "The men had gone out in the fields."

Davies listened to more of the details, and then rose to go. He was allowed to have a look at the girl, who was rather pretty. In the yard he met a country chap who had come over to hear the news. This man imparted more information.

"They're lookin' all around south of here," said the man, speaking of the crowd supposed to be in search. "I expect they'll make short work of him if they get him."

"Where does this negro live?" asked Davies.

"Oh, right down here a little way. You follow this road to the next crossing and turn to the right. It's a little log house that sits back off the road—something like this, only it's got a lot of chips scattered about."

Davies decided to go there, but changed his mind. It was getting late. He had better return to the village, he thought.

Accordingly, he rode back and put the horse in the hands of its owner. Then he went over to the principal corner. Much the same company was still present. He wondered what these people had been doing all the time. He decided to ingratiate himself by imparting a little information.

Just then a young fellow came galloping up.

"They've got him," he shouted, excitedly, "they've got him."

A chorus of "whos" and "wheres," with sundry other queries, greeted this information as the crowd gathered about the rider.

"Why, Mathews caught him up here at his own house. Says he'll shoot the first man that dares to try to take him away. He's taking him over to Clayton."

"Which way'd he go?" exclaimed the men.

"'Cross Sellers' Lane," said the rider. "The boys think he's going to Baldwin."

"Whoopee," yelled one of the listeners. "Are you going, Sam?"

"You bet," said the latter. "Wait'll I get my horse."

Davies waited no longer. He saw the crowd would be off in a minute to catch up with the sheriff. There would be information in that quarter. He hastened after his horse.

"He's eating," said the man.

"I don't care," exclaimed Davies. "Turn him out. I'll give you a dollar more."

The man led the horse out, and the reporter mounted.

When he got back to the corner several of the men were already there. The young man who had brought the news had dashed off again.

Davies waited to see which road they would take. Then he did the riding of his life.

In an hour the company had come in sight of the sheriff, who, with two other men, was driving a wagon he had borrowed. He had a revolver in each hand and was sitting with his face toward the group, that

trailed after at a respectful distance. Excited as every one was, there was no disposition to halt the progress of the law.

"He's in that wagon," Davies heard one man say. "Don't you see they've got him tied and laid down in there?"

Davies looked.

"We ought to take him away and hang him," said one of the young fellows who rode nearest the front.

"Where's old man Whittier?" asked one of the crowd, who felt that they needed a leader.

"He's out with the other crowd," was the reply.

"Somebody ought to go and tell him."

"Clark's gone," assured another, who hoped for the worst.

Davies rode among the company very much excited. He was astonished at the character of the crowd. It was largely impelled to its excited jaunt by curiosity and a desire to see what would happen. There was not much daring in it. The men were afraid of the determined sheriff. They thought something ought to be done, but they did not feel like getting into trouble.

The sheriff, a sage, lusty, solemn man, contemplated the recent addition to these trailers with considerable feeling. He was determined to protect his man and avoid injustice. A mob should not have him if he had to shoot, and if he shot, he was going to empty both revolvers, and those of his companions. Finally, since the company thus added to did not dash upon him, he decided to scare them off. He thought he could do it since they trailed like calves.

"Stop a minute," he said to his driver.

The latter pulled up. So did the crowd behind. Then the sheriff stood over the prostrate body of the negro, who lay trembling in the jolting wagon bed and called back to the men.

"Go on away from here, you people," he said. "Go on, now. I won't have you foller after me."

"Give us the nigger," yelled one in a half-bantering, half-derisive tone of voice.

"I'll give you five minutes to go on back out of this road," returned the sheriff grimly. They were about a hundred feet apart. "If you don't, I'll clear you out."

"Give us the nigger!"

"I know you, Scott," answered the sheriff, recognizing the voice. "I'll arrest every last one of you to-morrow. Mark my word!"

The company listened in silence, the horses champing and twisting.



"'They've got him,' he shouted excitedly, 'they've got him.'"

"We've got a right to follow," answered one of the men.

"I give you fair warning," said the sheriff, jumping from his wagon and leveling his pistols as he approached. "When I count five, I'll begin to shoot."

He was a serious and stalwart figure as he approached, and the crowd retreated.

"Get out o' this now," he yelled. "One, two——"

The company turned completely and retreated.

"We'll follow him when he gets farther on," said one of the men in explanation.

"He's got to do it," said another. "Let him get a little ahead."

The sheriff returned to his wagon and drove on. He knew that he would not be obeyed, and that safety lay in haste alone. If he could only make them lose track of him and get a good start it might be possible to get to Clayton and the strong county jail by morning.

Accordingly he whipped up his horses while keeping his grim lookout.

"He's going to Baldwin," said one of the company of which Davies was a member.

"Where is that?" asked Davies.

"Over west of here, about four miles."

The men lagged, hesitating what to do. They did not want to lose sight of him, and yet cowardice controlled them. They did not want to get into direct altercation with the law. It wasn't their place to hang the man, although he ought to be hanged and it would be a stirring and exciting thing if he were. Consequently, they desired to watch and be on hand—to get old Whittier and his son Jake if they could, who were out looking elsewhere. They wanted to see what the father and brother would do.

The quandary was solved by Dick Hewlitt, who suggested that they could get to Baldwin by going back to Pleasant Valley and taking the Sand River pike. It was a shorter cut than this. Maybe they could beat the sheriff

there. Accordingly, while one or two remained to track the sheriff, the rest set off at a gallop to Pleasant Valley. It was nearly dusk when they got there and stopped for a few minutes at the corner store. Here they talked, and somehow the zest to follow departed; they were not certain now of going on. It was supper time. The fires of evening meals were marked by upcurling smoke. Evidently the sheriff had them



worsted for to-night. Morg Whittier had not been found. Neither had Jake. Perhaps they had better eat. Two or three had already secretly fallen away.

They were telling the news to the one or two storekeepers, when Jake Whittier, the girl's brother, and several companions came riding up. They had been scouring the territory to the north of the town.

"The sheriff's got him," said one of the company. "He's taking him over to Baldwin in a wagon."

"Which way did he go?" asked young Jake, whose hardy figure, worn, hand-me-down clothes and rakish hat showed up picturesquely as he turned on his horse.

"Cross Sellers' Lane. You won't get him that way. Better take the short cut."

A babble of voices was making the little corner interesting. One told how he had been caught, another that the sheriff was defiant, a third that men were tracking him, until the chief points of the drama had been spoken, if not heard.

"Come on, boys," said Jake, jerking at the reins and heading up the pike. "I'll get the damn nigger."

Instantly suppers were forgotten. The whole customary order of the evening was neglected. The company started off on another exciting jaunt, up hill and down dale, through the lovely country that lay between Baldwin and Pleasant Valley.

Davies was very weary of his saddle. He wondered when he was to write his story. The night was exceedingly beautiful. Stars were already beginning to shine. Distant lamps twinkled like yellow eyes from the cottages in the valleys on the hillsides. The air was fresh and tender. Some pea fowls were crying afar off and the east promised a golden moon.

Silently the assembled company trotted on—no more than a score in all. It was too grim a pilgrimage for joking. Young Jake, riding silently toward the front, looked as if he meant business. His friends did not like to say anything to him, seeing that he was the aggrieved. He was left alone.

After an hour's riding Baldwin came into view, lying in a sheltering cup of low hills. Its lights were twinkling softly, and there was an air of honest firesides and cheery suppers about it which appealed to Davies in his hungry state. Still, he had no thought but of carrying out his mission.

Once in the village they were greeted by calls of recognition. Everybody knew what they had come for. The local storekeepers

and loungers followed the cavalcade up the street to the sheriff's house, for the riders had now fallen into a solemn walk.

"You won't get him, boys," said Seavey, the young postmaster and telegraph operator, as they passed his door. "Mathews says he's sent him to Clayton."

At the first street corner they were joined by several men who had followed the sheriff.

"He tried to give us the slip," they said, excitedly, "but he's got the nigger in the house there, down in the cellar."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him bring him in this way. I think he is, anyhow."

A block from the sheriff's little white cottage the men parleyed. They decided to go up and demand the negro.

"If he don't turn him out, we'll break in the door and take him," said Jake.

"That's right. We'll stand by you, Whittier."

A throng had gathered. The whole village was up in arms. The one street was alive and running with people. Riders pranced up and down, hallooing. A few shot off revolvers. Presently the mob gathered about the sheriff's gate, and Jake stepped forward as leader.

Their coming was not unexpected. Sheriff Mathews was ready for them with a double-barreled Winchester. He had bolted the doors and put the negro in the cellar, pending the arrival of the aid he had telegraphed for to Clayton. The latter was cowering and chattering in the darkest corner of his dungeon against the cold, damp earth, as he hearkened to the voices and the firing of the revolvers. With wide, bulging eyes, he stared into the gloom.

Jake, the son and brother, took the precautionary method of calling to the sheriff.

"Hello, Mathews!"

"Eh, eh, eh," bellowed the crowd.

Suddenly the door flew open, and appearing first in the glow of the lamp came the double barrel of a Winchester, followed by the form of the sheriff, who held his gun ready for a quick throw to the shoulder. All except Jake fell back.

"We want that nigger," said Jake, deliberately.

"He isn't here," said the sheriff.

"Then what you got that gun for?" yelled a voice.

The sheriff made no answer.

"Better give him up, Mathews," called another, who was safe in the crowd, "or we'll come in and take him."

"Lookee here, gentlemen," said the sheriff, "I said the man wasn't here. I say it again. You couldn't have him if he was and you can't come in my house. Now, if you people don't want trouble, you'd better go on away."

"He's down in the cellar," yelled another.

The sheriff waved his gun slightly.

"Why don't you let us see?" said another.

"You'd better go away from here now," cautioned the sheriff.

The crowd continued to simmer and stew, while Jake stood out before. He was very pale and determined, but lacked initiative.

"He won't shoot. Why don't you go in, boys, and get him?"

"He won't, eh?" thought the sheriff. Then he said aloud: "The first man that comes inside that gate takes the consequences."

No one ventured near the gate. It seemed as if the planned assault must come to nothing.

"You'd better go away from here," cautioned the sheriff again. "You can't come in, it'll only mean bloodshed."

There was more chattering and jesting while the sheriff stood on guard. He said no more. Nor did he allow the banter, turmoil and lust for tragedy to disturb him. Only he kept his eye on Jake, on whose movements the crowd hung.

"I'll get him," said Jake, "before morning."

The truth was that he felt the weakness of the crowd. He was, to all intents and purposes, alone, for he did not inspire confidence.

Thus the minutes passed. It became a half hour and then an hour. With the extending time pedestrians dropped out and then horsemen. Some went up the street, several back to Pleasant Valley, more galloped about until there were very few left at the gate. It was plain that organization was lost. Finally Davies smiled and came away. He was sure he had a splendid story.

He began to look for something to eat, and hunted for the telegraph operator.

He found the operator first and told him he wanted to write a story and file it. The latter said there was a table in the little post-office and telegraph station which he could use. He got very much interested in Davies, and when he asked where he could get something to eat, said he would run across the street and tell the proprietor of the only boarding-house to fix him something which he could eat as he wrote.

"You start your story," he said, "and I'll come back and see if I can get the *Republic*."

Davies sat down and started the account.

"Very obliging postmaster," he thought, but he had so often encountered pleasant and obliging people on his rounds, that he soon dropped that thought.

The food was brought and Davies wrote. By eight-thirty the *Republic* answered an often-repeated call.

"Davies at Baldwin," ticked the postmaster, "get ready for quite a story."

"Let 'er go," answered the operator in the *Republic*, who had been expecting this dispatch.

Davies turned over page after page as the events of the day formulated themselves in his mind. He ate a little between whiles, looking out through the small window before him, where afar off he could see a lonely light twinkling in a hillside cottage. Not infrequently he stopped work to see if anything new was happening. The operator also wandered about, waiting for an accumulation of pages upon which he could work, but making sure to catch up with the writer. The two became quite friendly.

Davies finished his dispatch with the caution that more might follow, and was told by the city editor to watch it. Then he and the postmaster sat down to talk.

About twelve o'clock the lights in all the village houses had vanished and the inhabitants had gone to bed. The man-hunters had retired, and the night was left to its own sounds and murmurs, when suddenly the faint beating of hoofs sounded out on the Sand River Pike, which led away toward Pleasant Valley, back of the post-office. The sheriff had not relaxed any of his vigilance. He was not sleeping. There was no sleep for him until the county authorities should come to his aid.

"Here they come back again," exclaimed the postmaster.

"By George, you're right," said Davies.

There was a clattering of hoofs and grunting of saddle girths as a large company of men dashed up the road and turned into the narrow street of the village.

Instantly the place was astir again. Lights appeared in doorways, and windows were thrown open. People were gazing out to see what new movement was afoot. Davies saw that there was none of the hip and hurrah business about this company such as had characterized the previous descent. There was grimness everywhere, and he be-

gan to feel that this was the beginning of the end. He ran down the street toward the sheriff's house, arriving a few moments after the crowd, which was in part dismounted.

With the clear moon shining straight overhead, it was nearly as bright as day. Davies made out several of his companions of the afternoon and Jake, the son. There were many more, though, whom he did not know, and foremost among them an old man. He was strong, iron-gray and wore a full beard. He looked very much like a blacksmith.

While he was still looking, the old man went boldly forward to the little front porch of the house and knocked at the door. Some one lifted a curtain at the window and peeped out.

"Hello, in there," the old man cried, knocking again and much louder.

"What do you want?" said a voice.

"We want that nigger."

"Well, you can't have him. I've told you people once."

"Bring him out or we'll break down the door," said the old man.

"If you do, it's at your own risk. I'll give you three minutes to get off that porch."

"We want that nigger."

"If you don't get off that porch I'll fire through the door," said the voice, solemnly. "One, two—"

The old man backed cautiously away.

"Come out, Mathews," yelled the crowd.

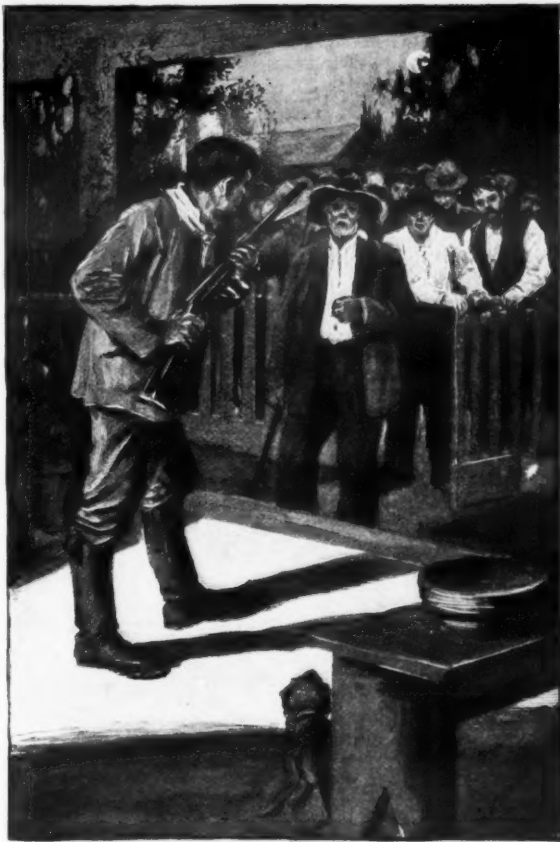
"You've got to give him up. We ain't going back without him."

Slowly the door opened, as if the individual within was very well satisfied as to his power to handle the mob. It revealed the tall form of Sheriff Mathews, armed with his Winchester. He looked around very

stolidly and then addressed the old man as one would a friend.

"You can't have him, Morgan," he said, "it's against the law."

"Law or no law," said the old man, "I want that nigger."



"Law or no law," said the old man, "I want that nigger."

"I can't let you have him, Morgan. It's against the law. You oughtn't to be coming around here at this time of night acting so."

"Well, we'll take him, then," said the old man, making a move.

The sheriff leveled his gun on the instant. "Stand back, there," he shouted, noticing a movement on the part of the crowd. "I'll blow ye into kingdom come, sure as hell."

The crowd halted at this assurance.

The sheriff lowered his weapon as if he thought the danger were over.

"You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he said, softly, his voice sinking to a gentle, neighborly reproof, "tryin' to upset the law this way."

"The nigger didn't upset the law, did he?" asked one, derisively.

The sheriff made no answer.

"Give us that scoundrel, Mathews, you'd better do it," said the old man. "It'll save a heap of trouble."

"I'll not argue with you, Morgan. I said you couldn't have him, and you can't. If you want bloodshed, all right. But don't blame me. I'll kill the first man that tries to make a move this way."

He shifted his gun handily and waited. The crowd stood outside his little fence murmuring.

Presently the old man retired and spoke to several leaders.

There was more murmuring, and then he came back to the dead line.

"We don't want to cause trouble, Mathews," he began, explanatively, moving his hand oratorically, "but we think you ought to see that it won't do you any good to stand out. We think that——"

Davies was watching young Jake, the son, whose peculiar attitude attracted his attention. The latter was standing poised at the edge of the crowd, evidently seeking to remain unobserved. His eyes were on the sheriff, who was hearkening to the old man. Suddenly, when the sheriff seemed for a moment mollified and unsuspecting, he made a quick run for the porch. There was an intense movement all along the line, as the life and death of the deed became apparent. Quickly the sheriff drew his gun to his shoulder. He pressed both triggers at the same time, but not before Jake reached him. The latter knocked the gun barrel upward and fell upon his man. Both shots blazed out over the heads of the crowd in red puffs, and then followed a general onslaught. Men leaped the fence by tens, and crowded upon the little cottage. They swarmed on every side of the house, and crowded about the porch and the door, where four men were scuffling with the sheriff. The latter soon gave up, vowing vengeance. Torches were brought and a rope. A wagon drove up and was backed into the yard. Then began the calls for the negro.

The negro had been crouching in his corner in the cellar, trembling for his fate

ever since the first attack. He had not dozed or lost consciousness during the intervening hours, but cowered there, wondering and praying. He was terrified lest the sheriff might not get him away in time. He was afraid that every sound meant a new assault. Now, however, he had begun to have the faintest glimmerings of hope when the new murmurs of contention arose. He heard the gallop of the horses' feet, voices of the men parleying, the ominous knock on the door.

At this sound, his body quaked and his teeth chattered. He began to quiver in each separate muscle and run cold. Already he saw the men at him, beating and kicking him.

"Before God, boss, I didn't mean to," he chattered, contemplating the chimera of his brain with startling eyes. "Oh, my God! boss, no, no. Oh, no, no."

He crowded closer to the wall. Another sound greeted his ears. It was the roar of a shotgun. He fell, groveling upon the floor, his nails digging in the earth.

"Oh, my Lawd, boss," he moaned, "oh, my Lawd, boss, don't kill me. I won't do it no mo'. I didn't go to do it. I didn't." His teeth were in the wet earth.

It was but now that the men were calling each other to the search. Five jumped to the outside entrance way of the low cellar, carrying a rope. Three others followed with their torches. They descended into the dark hole and looked cautiously about.

Suddenly, in the farthest corner, they espied him. In his agony, he had worked himself into a crouching position, as if he were about to spring. His hands were still in the earth. His eyes were rolling, his mouth foaming.

"Oh, my Lawd!" he was repeating monotonously, "oh, my Lawd!"

"Here he is. Pull him out, boys," cried several together.

The negro gave one yell of horror. He quite bounded as he did so, coming down with a dead chug on the earthen floor. Reason had forsaken him. He was a groveling, foaming brute. The last gleam of intelligence was that which notified him of the set eyes of his pursuers.

Davies was standing ten feet back when they began to reappear. He noted the heads of the torches, the disheveled appearance of the men, the scuffling and pulling. Then he clapped his hands over his mouth and worked his fingers convulsively, almost unconscious of what he was doing.

"Oh, my God," he whispered, his voice losing power.

The sickening sight was that of negro Jeff, foaming at the mouth, bloodshot in the eyes, his hands working convulsively, being dragged up the cellar steps, feet foremost. They had tied a rope about his waist and feet, and had hauled him out, leaving his head to hang and drag. The black face was distorted beyond all human semblance.

"Oh, my God!" said Davies again, biting his fingers unconsciously.

The crowd gathered about, more horror-stricken than gleeful at their own work. The negro was rudely bound and thrown like a sack of wheat into the wagon bed. Father and son mounted to drive, and the crowd took their horses. Wide-eyed and brain-racked, Davies ran for his own. He was so excited, he scarcely knew what he was doing.

Slowly the gloomy cavalcade took its way up the Sand River Pike. The moon was pouring down a wash of silvery light. The shadowy trees were stirring with a cool night wind. Davies hurried after and joined the silent, tramping throng.

"Are they going to hang him?" he asked.

"That's what they got him for," answered the man nearest him.

Davies dropped again into silence and tried to recover his nerves. The gloomy company seemed a terrible thing. He drew near the wagon and looked at the negro.

The latter seemed out of his senses. He was breathing heavily and groaning. His eyes were fixed and staring, his face and hands bleeding as if they had been scratched or trampled on. He was bundled up like limp wheat.

Davies could not stand it longer. He fell

back, sick at heart. It seemed a ghastly, unmerciful way to do. Still, the company moved on and he followed, past fields lit white by the moon, under dark, silent groups of trees, through which the moonlight fell in patches, up hill-tops and down into valleys, until at last the little stream came into view, sparkling like a molten flood of silver in the night. After a time the road drew close to the water and made for a wagon bridge, which could be seen a little way ahead. The company rode up to this and halted. Davies dismounted with the others. The wagon was driven up to the bridge and father and son got out.

Fully a score of men gathered about, and the negro was lifted from the wagon. Davies thought he

could not stand it, and went down by the waterside slightly above the bridge. He could see long beams of iron sticking out over the water, where the bridge was braced.

The men fastened a rope to a beam and then he could see that they were fixing the other end around the negro's neck.

Finally the curious company stood back,



"A little negro girl entered, carrying a battered tin lamp, without any chimney."

"Have you anything to say?" a voice demanded.

The negro only lolled and groaned, slobbering at the mouth. He was out of his mind.

Then came the concerted action of four men, a lifting of a black mass in the air, and then Davies saw the limp form plunge down and pull up with a creaking sound of rope. In the weak moonlight it seemed as if the body were struggling, but he could not tell. He watched, wide-mouthed and silent, and then the body ceased moving. He heard the company depart, but that did not seem important. Only the black mass swaying in the pale light, over the shiny water of the stream seemed wonderful.

He sat down upon the bank and gazed in silence. He was not afraid. Everything was summery and beautiful. The whole cavalcade disappeared, the moon sank. The light of morning began to show as tender lavender and gray in the east. Still he sat. Then came the roseate hue of day, to which the waters of the stream responded, the white pebbles shining beautifully at the bottom. Still the body hung black and limp, and now a light breeze sprang up and stirred it visibly. At last he arose and made his way back to Pleasant Valley.

Since his duties called him to another day's work here, he idled about, getting the details of what was to be done. He talked with citizens and officials, rode out to the injured girl's home, rode to Baldwin to see the sheriff. There was singular silence and placidity in that corner. The sheriff took his defeat as he did his danger, philosophically.

It was evening again before he remembered that he had not discovered whether the body had been removed. He had not heard why the negro came back or how he was caught. The little cabin was two miles away, but he decided to walk, the night was so springlike. Before he had traveled half way, the moon arose and stretched long shadows of budding trees across his path. It was not long before he came upon the cabin, set well back from the road and surrounded with a few scattered trees. The ground between the door and the road was open, and strewn with the scattered chips of a woodpile. The roof was sagged and the windows patched in places, but, for all that, it had the glow of a home. Through the front door, which stood open, the blaze of a fire shone, its yellow light filling the interior with golden fancies.

Davies stopped at the door and knocked,

but received no answer. He looked in on the battered cane chairs and aged furniture with considerable interest.

A door in the rear room opened, and a little negro girl entered, carrying a battered tin lamp, without any chimney. She had not heard his knock, and started perceptibly at the sight of his figure in the doorway. Then she raised her smoking lamp above her head in order to see better and approached.

There was something comical about her unformed figure and loose gingham dress. Her black head was strongly emphasized by little pigtails of hair done up in white twine, which stood out all over her head. Her dark skin was made apparently more so by contrast with her white teeth and the whites of her eyes.

Davies looked at her for a moment and asked, "Is this where Ingalls lives?"

The girl nodded her head. She was exceedingly subdued, and looked as if she had been crying.

"Has the body been brought here?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," she answered, with a soft negro accent.

"When did they bring it home?"

"This moanin'."

"Are you his sister?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, can you tell me how they caught him?" asked Davies, feeling slightly ashamed to intrude thus. "What did he come back for?"

"To see us," said the girl.

"Well, did he want anything? He didn't come just to see you, did he?"

"Yes, suh," said the girl, "he come to say good-by."

Her voice wavered.

"Didn't he know he might get caught?" asked Davies.

"Yes, suh, I think he did."

She still stood very quietly holding the poor battered lamp up, and looking down.

"Well, what did he have to say?" asked Davies.

"He said he wanted tuh see motha'. He was a-goin' away."

The girl seemed to regard Davies as an official of some sort, and he knew it.

"Can I have a look at the body?" he asked.

The girl did not answer, but started as if to lead the way.

"When is the funeral?" he asked.

"To-morrow."



The girl led him through several bare sheds of rooms to the furthestmost one of the line. This last seemed a sort of storage shed for odds and ends. It had several windows, but they were bare of glass, and open to the moonlight, save for a few wooden boards nailed across from the outside. Davies had been wondering all the while at the lonely and forsaken air of the place. No one seemed about but this little girl. If they had colored neighbors, none thought it worth while to call.

Now, as he stepped into this cool, dark, exposed outer room, the desolation seemed complete. The body was there in the middle of the bare room, stretched upon an ironing board, which rested on a box and a chair, and covered with a white sheet. All the corners of

the room were quite dark, and only in the middle were shining splotches of moonlight.

Davies came forward, but the girl left him, carrying her lamp. She did not seem able to remain. He lifted the sheet, for he could see well enough, and looked at the stiff, black form. The face was extremely distorted, even in death, and he could see where the rope had tightened. A bar of cool moonlight lay across the face and breast. He was still looking, thinking soon to restore the covering, when a sound, half sigh, half groan, reached his ears.

He started as if a ghost had touched him. His muscles tightened. Instantly his heart

was hammering like mad in his chest. His first impression was that it came from the dead.

"Oo-o-ohh," came the sound again, this time whimpering, as if some one were crying.

He turned quickly, for now it seemed to come from the corner. Greatly disturbed, he hesitated, and then as his eyes strained he caught the shadow of something. It was in the extreme corner, huddled up, dark, almost indistinguishable—crouching against the cold walls.

"Oh, oh, oh," was repeated, even more plaintively than before.

Davies began to understand. He approached lightly. Then he made out an old black mammy, doubled up and weeping. She was in the very niche of

the corner, her head sunk on her knees, her tears falling, her body rocking to and fro.

Davies drew silently back. Before such grief, his intrusion seemed cold and unwarranted. The sensation of tears came to his eyes. He covered the dead, and withdrew.

Out in the moonlight, he struck a pace, but soon stopped and looked back. The whole dreary cabin, with its one golden door, where the light was, seemed a pitiful thing. He swelled with feeling and pathos as he looked. The night, the tragedy, the grief, he saw it all.

"I'll get that in," he exclaimed, feelingly, "I'll get it all in."



"... an old black mammy, doubled up and weeping."

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From a drawing by Ernest Haskell. Mrs. Fiske.

Who will appear in "Miranda of the Balcony," and other plays at her own theatre, the Manhattan.

## TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

DRAMATIZATIONS of popular novels and revamped versions of old plays predominate in the count of stage productions made thus far. "Don Cesar de Bazan" has been led out of forgotten corners in theatre lofts and presented to the public in the mode of 1901. The *Don Cesar* of Mr. Faversham and that of Mr. Hackett are naturally the most noteworthy reappearances of the ancient favorite; but he may be seen also at various stock company theatres throughout the country. This is in accord with the new policy of stock company managers, who seem to be gaining a surer hold as the seasons pass. Formerly such companies depended entirely on plays whose initial value had been fully exploited and the secondary use of which could be had at a low royalty. They have not abandoned this plan, but now when the rights of a play-theme such as "Under Two Flags" and "Don Cesar de Bazan" are public property the stock companies profit of the boom by productions of their own. The stock companies employed in the continuous performance theatres of F. F. Proctor still adhere

to the use of old successes of the class of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," by Bronson Howard, and "The Man from Mexico," by H. A. du Souchet. There must be at least a hundred plays to select from, and the success of the stock company innovation in the "continuous houses" raises a new problem for the vaudeville performer. Formerly upwards of twenty "turns" were required to make up a bill; now ten suffice. If the vaudeville performer suffers by the new order of things, the public is rather a gainer; for in New York alone there are nearly a dozen theatres in which a fair presentation of a first-class play can be seen for fifty cents or less.

As was to be expected, the rival productions of "Don Cesar" plays by Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham invited the odium of comparisons. But it is useless to compare the two actors or the two plays. Some young ladies would go to see Faversham and would sit in rapture even if he attempted to replace Ada Grey in "East Lynne." Others would rather listen to one of Mr. Hackett's curtain speeches than hear



*Baker photo.*

Benjamin Howard.

Leading man for Viola Allen.



Marian Ivel.

As CARMEN, in the Castle Square Opera Company.



*Sarony photo.*

Viola Allen.

Starring for the second year in "In the Palace of the King."



*Schloss photo.*

Julie Opp.

As MARITA, leading lady for William Faversham, in "A Royal Rival."



Byron photo.

John Drew  
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND"

a choir of angels. Then there is that numberless crowd that does not know which of these adorable men to prefer. Both stars will make money as *Don Cesar*, and both realize, no doubt, that there are better plays. According to the chronicles, *Don Cesar*, the character, is now sixty-three years of age. He first saw the footlights as a minor character in 1838, in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" Hugo gave permission to d'Ennery, then an aspiring playwright, to



Kate Hassett.

Leading woman in Leo Dietrichstein's new play, "The Last Appeal."

weave a drama with *Don Cesar* as the main figure. The original *Don Cesar* play was then written by d'Ennery and Dumanoir. Very soon the play was produced in London in translated form, and its next transfer was to the libretto of Wallace's opera, "Maritana." Since 1838 *Don Cesar* has flourished intermittently, until now we behold him reinvigorated to meet the new century. What epic vigor in the thought-germ that Hugo bestowed as a trifle on d'Ennery!

While Mr. Faversham and Mr. Hackett are in the full flower of matinée hero-worship E. H. Sothern, who long ago outgrew that period and has won distinction as a gifted artist, is rivaling both of them as an actor in a romantic part with his production of "Richard Lovelace." This play was written for Mr. Sothern by Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, and deals with the devotion of the poet courtier to the cause of Charles I., and after that monarch's execution to the fortunes of Charles II. The exciting incidents of the latter's invasion of England in 1651, in order to seize the crown, supply the background to the drama. The plot of the play turns on the unsmooth course of Lovelace's love for Lucy Sacheverell. Mr. Sothern will probably increase his great popularity by "Richard Lovelace," though as a play it is much inferior to sev-

eral of his previous productions. It is to be hoped that Cecilia Loftus has at last found her medium now that she is leading lady to Mr. Sothern. Few, if any, actresses have skirted the whole theatre plain in the fashion of Miss Loftus. She came here originally as a mimic and entertained very successfully, especially before private assemblies. Then she was announced as leading lady to Mr. Mansfield, but never appeared in that capacity. Later she went into comic opera, then into vaudeville, in which field she was the most expensive "chaser" ever heard of. That Miss Loftus was placed on the bill as a "chaser," which means to appear about the hour of supper, when vaudeville managers wish to empty the seats for the night audience, was consequent on a dispute with Mr. Keith. He desired her to replace the sketch she was using with her former



*Savory photo.*

Cecilia Loftus.

As LUCY SACHEVERELL, in "Richard Lovelace."



*Marceau photo.*

E. H. Sothern  
**'Richard Lovelace'**

imitations, as he considered that her sketch did not appeal to the people. Miss Loftus declined to do this. Mr. Keith's reprisal was to put Miss Loftus on the bill as a "chaser." It is said that her salary at the time was \$1,000 per week. The ordinary "chaser" turn costs from \$25 to \$50 per week. Since she has signed under the management of Daniel Frohman, Miss Loftus seems to have more direction. Added to the dignity she has assumed in adopting "Ce-

cilia" as her first name, instead of the more familiar "Cissie," the new post of Miss Loftus affords her opportunities to reach a standing of prime importance on the American stage.

Leo Dietrichstein, who has enjoyed an as-

capitated form one of the most pathetic episodes in modern European history. Mr. Dietrichstein has selected an admirable theme for a love drama in his choice of this unfortunate event, and has availed himself so far of the dramatist's license as to avert



Bertha Galland.

Starring in "The Forest Lovers."

sured reputation as a competent comedian for several years, is now beginning to be known favorably as a dramatist. "Are You a Mason?" the comedy he adapted from the German, which was introduced in New York last spring, is in the height of its prosperity. "The Last Appeal," a wholly original play by Mr. Dietrichstein, lately received its initial presentation in Philadelphia and bears all the indications of success. The story of "The Last Appeal" is taken from the tragic history of the once popular Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. Rudolph's mad infatuation for a beautiful girl of excellent though not noble parentage and the deplorable ending of two young lives that it pre-

an unhappy close to the play. His handling of the characters and the foreign color of the play has been a work in familiar surroundings, for the author is by birth a Hungarian of noble family. He first played in this country about ten years ago in the German stock company at the Irving Place Theatre. Since then he has become an American citizen and has mastered English sufficiently not only to act in the language but also to write plays in the adopted tongue. The producing manager of "The Last Appeal" is Henry B. Harris, a newcomer in the field. The advent of Mr. Harris suggests a new development in the business of the theatre. Some years ago the attractions of the coun-

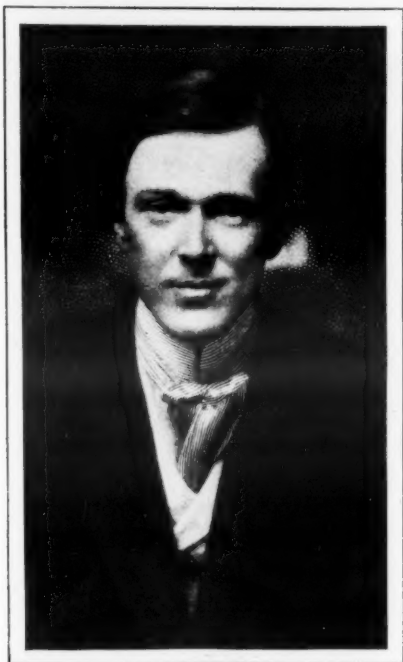




*Morrison photo.*

**Mary Mannering.**

Starring in "Janice Meredith." During the past year more than 7,000 photographs of Mary Mannering have been sold. Miss Mannering's photographs, both personal and in character, are now in greater demand than those of any other stage celebrity.



Hoge &amp; Hadaway photo.



Klein photo.

try were put forth and controlled by a few producing managers. At this period new and younger men are devoting themselves to the precarious and often richly profitable enterprise of trying new plays. Although all the

Tom Hadaway.

PROFESSOR PHUNCH-  
INTS in "The Messen-  
ger Boy."



Harry B. Stanford.

Leading man for Bertha Galland in "The Forest Lovers."

Paul Nicholson.

COSMOS BAY, in "The  
Messenger Boy."

managers do or will probably incline to the community of interest idea, each of them must depend on his individual success to be entitled to a place in the community; so, the more intelligent and ambitious mana-



Marceau photo.

Georgia Cane.

In "The Messenger Boy."

gers there are the better will be the state of our theatre.

What recollections will not be stirred when Kyrle Bellew returns to America to star in "A Gentleman of France," a play made from Stanley Weyman's romance of that name, by Harriet Ford, part author of "The Greatest Thing in the World." Mr. Bellew belonged



Marceau photo.

Edna Hunter.

In "The Liberty Belles."

to the day that required of the matinée hero to be picturesque, poetical, at least in appearance. Our matinée heroes of the present are eminent among those that admire them rather than their acting, principally because of the accent of the aristocrat that marks them. Herbert Kecey, John Drew and William Faversham, each of them has counted among his many attractions the genius for wearing evening clothes with the unconscious grace of a born gentleman. James K. Hackett, to be sure, is never so much at home as when in the workmanlike attire of *The Prisoner of Zenda*—riding breeches, soft shirt and no suspenders, with a sword, to keep the blood from rushing into his hands and making them swell. But then Mr. Hackett indicates a return to the picturesque matinée hero which dates from the golden days of *Zenda*. It is prob-



Marceau photo.

H. S. Northrup.

As CAPT. TOWNSHEND, in Henry Miller's new play "D'Arcy of the Guards."

able therefore that Kyrle Bellew will find American audiences with the same likings that they had of yore—and in his case yore is not simply poetic. He has a right to expect a renewal of his popularity, especially as he will have as leading lady Eleanor Robson, whose distinguished talents have so quickly raised her to an enviable station among our most prominent actresses. Mr. Bellew, who has played almost all over the world since his last appearance in New York with Cora Urquhart Potter, was a discovery of the late Dion Boucicault. Bellew was a member of an obscure provincial company playing in Dublin, and the newspapers were unanimous in their praise of his performance as *George de Lesparre*, in Boucicault's "Led Astray." Boucicault, who was then at the zenith of his power, telegraphed for Mr. Bellew to come to London, and placed him at



Burr McIntosh photo.

May Robson.

MRS. BANG, in "The Messenger Boy."



Schloss photo.

Adelaide Norwood.

As JULIETTE, in the Castle Square Opera Company.

once in the famous Haymarket Theatre Company. Within three years Mr. Bellew became leading man in the company he had entered for general utility work at three pounds ten a week.

Eleanora Duse, who is contemplating a return visit to our theatres, has once more been the victim of a spurious interview exhibiting her as a sour, cynical woman, loathing the stage and contemptuous of her professional associates. Hardly had the lie been spread over the country when Duse cabled an emphatic denial to her American managers.

Duse is known to be a woman sad of heart and disabused of all illusion, even that



Sareny photo.

Hattie Williams.

As MAIZI MAHONI, in "The Rogers Brothers in Washington."

illusion of life which is good to have. Melancholy though she is known to be there was no justification for believing her to be also unkind and hateful to her profession and her associates. Duse's career has stamped in her mind the impression of perpetual melancholy. From the day of her birth she felt hardship and want. Although she made her first appearance on the stage at four years of age she was not by any means a prodigy. She had reached her twentieth year before recognition was alive to her rare and wonderful powers. It is related that during her childhood and when her mother lay sick in a hospital, her father was so poor that little Eleanora used to be sent to the mother's bedside at each meal hour to eat the food the sick woman could not take.